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**THE VICAR**  
**OF**  
**LLANDOVERY**  
**IN**  
***FOUR BOOKS.***



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THE  
VICAR OF LLANDOVERY,  
OR  
LIGHT

FROM THE  
**Welshman's Candle.**

---

*BY JOHN BULMER.*

---

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,  
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum  
Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restringere rivo.

VIRGIL.

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**Haberfordwest:**

Printed and sold by JOSEPH POTTER;  
Sold also in London by JOHN OFFOR, 44, Newgate-street; and  
by J. EVANS, Carmarthen.

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1821.

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TO THE  
REV. BENJAMIN HOBSON,  
*OF WELFORD,*

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

**This Improved Version**

OF THE

VICAR OF LLANDOVERY,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED AND DEVOTED FRIEND,

**JOHN BULMER.**



## PREFACE.

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**T**O those who are acquainted with the history of Wales, and with books particularly esteemed by its inhabitants, the title of this volume will sufficiently explain its contents. They will expect to find a selection of pieces from the Poems of the Rev. Rees Prichard, formerly Vicar of Llandovery; or the best parts of his work, called "The Welshman's Candle," in a modern dress. Such being the nature of the present performance, some account of the original Author and his work, with a few words on what is now offered to the Public, appear to be required in publishing an *Improved Version*.

Mr. Prichard was born at Llandovery, in the county of Carmarthen, about the year 1575, and the 21st of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He received his early education in those parts, and at the age of eighteen was sent to Jesus College, Oxford. On the 25th of April, 1602, he was ordained Priest at Witham, in Essex, by

John, Bishop of Colchester, and took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in June following. On the 6th of August, in the same year, the Vicarage of Llandoverly was collated on him, by Anthony, Bishop of St. David's; and, in November, 1613, he was instituted Rector of Llanedy, on the presentation of James I. These two livings, both in the diocese of St. David's, he held by dispensation from the Archbishop; when he became Chaplain to Robert, Earl of Essex. In the following year, he was made Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of Brecknock, by the above-mentioned Bishop, of St. David's; and in 1626, he took the degree of Master of Arts, and was made Chancellor of St. David's, by Dr. Laud, who had then become his diocesan.

It is to be regretted that so few authentic particulars can be collected of the life and labours of Mr. Prichard, the principal account hitherto published being that of Wood, in his "*Athenæ Oxonienses*;" of whom, as an Author, Bishop Burnet says, "That poor writer has thrown together such a tumultuary mixture of stuff and tattle, and has been so evidently employed by some of the Church of Rome, to reproach all the greatest men of our church; that no man, who takes care of his own reputation, will take any thing upon trust that is said by one who has no reputation to lose."\* It appears, therefore, from authority, nearly as good as any that can

\* Letter to the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry. p. 9.

now be obtained; that when Mr. Prichard came to reside at Llandovery, as minister of the parish, he was far from being qualified, in respect to personal religion, for the duties he had to perform. According to tradition, he was extremely gay, and addicted to drinking. His reformation is said to have been effected in the following very singular manner. He had a favourite goat, which used to ramble about the town, and was once enticed into a public house by some loose fellows, who made it drunk with ale. After this the animal seemed more disposed than its owner, to learn wisdom from past misfortune. It would never come near the tavern, and always retained a strong aversion to that intoxicating liquor, of which it had been made to drink. It would neither taste the deceitful draught, when offered it, nor even endure the smell of that which had proved so hurtful and inconvenient. This sagacious conduct of his goat so powerfully arrested the mind of Mr. Prichard, as to render him ashamed of the odious sin of drunkenness, while it led to a train of reflections which, under God, became the means of his conversion! This story is often related in a different manner, as to some of the circumstances; but the relation here given, is not only the most probable, but most honourable to the clerical character, and is what the author received from an intelligent friend, on whose accuracy he can rely. The account of Mr. Prichard's former habits is corrobor-



ated, in some measure, by the following lines, in the poem on "Election and Efficacious Grace:"—

"Call'd by a voice, distinct and loud,  
I now forsake the drunken crowd,  
My Father's child in truth to be,  
And he the source of joy to me."

It is, however, certain, that after Mr. Prichard had been some time at Llandovery, he entered upon a more serious discharge of his ministerial duties; called the attention of his countrymen to the great doctrines of the gospel; exhorted sinners to repentance; and was very much in the habit of improving any national calamity, or more local dispensation of providence, with a view to promote true religion.

As a Preacher, he was one of the most zealous and popular in his day, and one of those who did not scruple to depart occasionally from ecclesiastical forms and usages, when he thought his usefulness might be thereby increased. "Such was his popularity," says Mr. Fenton, "and so impressive his manner, that once when he came to keep residence at St. David's, he was obliged to have a temporary moveable pulpit in the church-yard, the nave of that cathedral, spacious as it is, not being large enough for his overflowing congregation; for which, such was the fanaticism of the times, he was libelled in the spiritual court."\* On this memo-

\* Fenton's Pembrokeshire, p. 319.

table occasion, a stanza was composed in Welsh, which was eagerly learnt and repeated throughout the principality. This stanza is preserved by Fenton, and is to the following effect:

The Vicar's sermon, at St. David's preach'd,  
Was never yet in all the world outdone ;  
Its sound throughout his native country reach'd,  
And was to ev'ry gen'rous Welshman known !

The trouble into which he was brought on account of this irregularity, probably gave rise to the "Prayer for a time of trouble," in which the following lines express apprehensions and feelings of a very painful nature :

"Thou present aid in every sore distress !  
Look down in mercy, and afford redress.  
See, Saviour, how before thy gracious eyes,  
My shatter'd bark in dreadful danger lies !  
O calm the winds, and still the boisterous main,  
Or I must soon beneath its waves remain !  
Let not my keel be swallow'd in the sea ;---  
Do thou my haven, thou my pilot be."

His prayer for the interposition of divine providence was heard, and the impending evil averted. To this he probably refers in the poem entitled, "Deliverance Acknowledged :

"The beasts of prey encompass'd me around,  
And fiery serpents sought my soul to wound :  
Fierce wolves and tigers leap'd with savage joy,  
And would my frail and mortal part destroy ;

Men, who the same religion did profess,  
 Rejoic'd to plunge a brother in distress;  
 But God reveal'd the evil they design'd,  
 And brought to nought the malice of their mind."

Though persecuted for preaching out of church, Mr. Prichard was not deterred from pursuing a plan so truly apostolical, whenever occasion seemed to require it. Hence when he resided at St. Genex, near Llewghaden, a demesne annexed to the chancellorship of St. David's by Bishop Beke, he "often preached, upon the rocky mount near the house, to an audience that no church could contain."\* Such exertions were demanded by the exigence of the times. They were necessary to awaken and instruct an ignorant, and superstitious people; and it cannot be doubted, that such discourses contributed much to extend, and establish the doctrines of the Reformation.

Mr. Prichard's zealous and unremitted labours were the means of rendering him extensively known; and his fame having reached Sir Lewis Mansel, of Margam, in Glamorganshire; that gentleman, who had long been afflicted with a disease which baffled the skill of earthly physicians, applied to him for spiritual advice and consolation. This occasioned a poetical epistle, of which the poem on "The Beneficial Effects of Sickness," in the fourth book of the present volume, is a part. In this

\* Cambrian Traveller's Guide, p. 956.

epistle Mr. Prichard points out the necessity and use of affliction;—reminds Sir Lewis, that all the children of God must feel it;—refers to many scriptural examples, in which severe afflictions have been borne;—shews the necessity of patient submission; accompanied with fervent prayer; and concludes with the following lines:

“Remember thou that all things still are found  
 To work for the believer’s lasting gain,---  
 Each cross, each loss, and every smarting wound,  
 His adverse state, and agonizing pain!  
 So sure as God preserves thy feeble breath,  
 There’s nothing can the faithful soul remove,  
 (Not all the ills of life, nor even Death),  
 From its Redeemer, and its Saviour’s love.  
 Then trust that He who rais’d by mighty pow’r,  
 And call’d a friend from his sepulchral cell,  
 Will hear thy cry in deep affliction’s hour,  
 And satisfy thy mind that all is well.  
 May He who formerly his prophet sent,  
 To heal the pious Hezekiah’s sore,  
 Now send his angel with the same intent,  
 And soon thy ease and health in love restore!”

No man was more sensible than Mr. Prichard of the importance of education to the lower orders of society, nor more desirous of its promotion. With a view to this, he appropriated, in his life-time, a house and lands, worth about 20*l.* a year, for the establishment of a Free-School in the place of his nativity. It was occupied after his decease by four successive school-masters, un-

til Thomas Manwaring, son of Roger, Bishop of St. David's, who married the only daughter of Samuel, the Vicar's son, took possession of the land, on pretence of paying the master in money. This was accordingly done for a year or two, when the river Tovy, breaking into the house, carried it completely away. After this it was never rebuilt, nor was any measure adopted to revive the school; so that the master's salary was converted to a private use.\* Thus were the benevolent intentions of the worthy Vicar ultimately frustrated, though more good was probably done by this part of his property, before the school was discontinued, than would ever have been done by the same property, had it not been so applied.

Mr. Prichard died at Llandovery in the year 1644, in the 69th year of his age, having been a most signal instrument in dispelling the spiritual darkness of the land, and in promoting that religion which advances both the temporal and spiritual interests of mankind. He was interred in the place of his nativity, though his grave cannot now be distinguished. Mr. Malkin, speaking of his visit to Llandovery, and of his enquiries respecting the Vicar, says, "I expected to have obtained some particulars of a man, who certainly deserves to be recorded among the chief ornaments of his country; but with the most diligent enquiry I could make, all the in-

\* See Wood.

formation to be procured was, that such a man once lived there. The person who shewed me the church, seemed to feel for the general want of feeling: it is not even known where he was buried; whether under the communion table, or in the church-yard. There is neither stone nor inscription to his memory. I was shewn the grave of his wife and daughter; without any memorial, overgrown with weeds and nettles, which is the general condition of the graves here. The house which was the vicarage in Rees Prichard's time, is in a dilapidated condition, and converted either into a granary, or to some other use of that kind. It wears the appearance of something bordering on magnificence, very unlike the character of the Welsh parsonages in general. Mr. Prichard had another living, besides his preferment and office in the chapter of St. David's; so that he was probably a man of more than usual opulence for that period."\*

He is said to have translated several books into Welsh, and to have written something on the Thirty-nine Articles, part of which Wood professes to have seen in M. S., though he knew not whether it had ever been printed. But the work which gained him the greatest celebrity, and by which he still lives, as a blessing to his country, is *The Welshman's Candle*,—no complete edition of which appears to have been published until after his death.

\* *Scenery, Antiquities, and Biography of South Wales*, p. 579.

The fair manuscript of this work, which he prepared for the press, was unfortunately lost, or destroyed, during the Civil Wars; in consequence of which, many of his poems, as they appear in the best Welsh copies, are said to be imperfect. Indeed, his first editor, Mr. Stephen Hughes, acknowledges, that they are little better than fragments, picked out of his rough draughts and loose papers. The following is the Author's own account of the occasion and design of his work, in a poetical Epistle to the reader :

“ The glory of the Lord,-- my country's gain,---  
The suit of friends,---the poor's affecting strain,  
Caus'd me to print this little work of mine,  
For my compatriots of the Cambrian line.  
Because they take in sermons no delight,  
But idle songs with eagerness recite,  
I, for their good, have thus employ'd my time,  
And put the doctrines that ensue in rhyme.  
Now as I saw the lofty labour'd style,  
Neglected by the unlearned of our isle,  
I chose those simple numbers, short and plain,  
Easy to read, and easy to retain ;  
And this my book *The Welshman's Candle* nam'd,  
Because therein I most sincerely aim'd,  
The dark and erring minds of men to light,  
And teach them how to serve their God aright.  
To give the unletter'd an assisting hand,  
Who at the best but little understand,  
These poems I composed with anxious care,  
And now I send them forth with fervent prayer.

God grant the Welsh sufficient grace to know  
Wherein consists their happiness below,  
And cause this *Candle*, as it was design'd,  
To give such light as may direct the mind!"

The whole of those pieces, which are found in the original work, were first collected, and printed in London, in 1672, and appeared under the title of, "The Works of Mr. Rees Prichard, sometime Vicar of Llandovery, in Carmarthenshire; printed before in Three Books, but now printed together in one book, with an addition of many things out of M. S. S. not seen before by the Publisher; besides a Fourth Part, now the first time imprinted."—From so confused a title, it is difficult to know, whether the work was divided into four distinct parts, or whether such divisions were altogether neglected, as it is in the Welsh copies, now in use. Perhaps all that is meant by its being "printed together in one book," is the collection of the different pieces, published and unpublished, into one volume. "It contains four parts," says Wood, "and the whole consists of several poems, and pious carols, in Welsh, which some of the Author's countrymen commit to memory, and are wont to sing." The work is dedicated in Verse, as is generally supposed to Robert, Earl of Essex, whose Chaplain the Vicar had the honour to be, and whose name he probably omitted, merely to avoid the appearance of flattery and self-seeking. It is to the following effect:



“ My honour'd Lord,

Be not surpris'd to see

A humble Clergyman of low degree,  
 With such a simple Book, the man accost,  
 Who is esteem'd by all, his country's boast.---  
 The zeal you for the Church of God have shown,  
 Your service to your country and the crown,---  
 The favour you've for *Welshmen* still express'd,  
 Must fill with gratitude each Welshman's breast.  
 Though thousands strive your character to raise,  
 With countless sums of tributary praise,  
 Permit even me, my Lord, however low,  
 Amongst the rest my worthless mite to throw.  
 The Lord of Hosts himself did meekly deign  
 To take the widow's mite without disdain;  
 Nor did he deem the well-meant gift too small,  
 Since what she could, she did,---she gave her all!  
 Do you, most courteous Lord, the like receive  
 From one who can no higher tribute give;  
 Who with a better present would be glad  
 To honour you, if he a better had;  
 And yet his gift, if weigh'd by its intent,  
 Yields not to those which are by princes sent!

So great was the blessing of God which accompanied the work, that perhaps no book of mere human composition, was ever known better to answer the good intentions of its author. It was no sooner printed, than it appeared in almost every hand, and was heard of from almost every mouth, throughout the Principality; and it is scarcely credible, with what uncommon pleasure

and avidity it was received, read, and repeated by the people. Instead of idle ballads, and satirical lampoons, those wretched perversions of the sacred art of poetry, of which the Welsh were before extravagantly fond, scarcely any thing could be heard in the houses, streets, and fields, but the pious compositions of Mr. Prichard. They soon made an almost entire change in the morals and behaviour of the whole country. It appears from the Nonconformist's Memorial, that an edition of "The Welshman's Candle" was printed by the Rev. David Jones, of Llandissilio, in which he is said to have been "assisted by Lord Wharton, and many other persons of quality, as also by the ministers and citizens of London." In the above work it is called "the old Puritan's Poem, which did much good in the country." Mr. Palmer, in his account of Mr. Stephen Hughes, says, "He printed several Welsh books at his own expense, and among others, the excellent Poems of Mr. Rees Prichard, Vicar of Llandovery, which contain a summary of christian duties in British verse. This book, of which he published several editions, has excited many hundreds of the ignorant Welsh people, who delight in songs, to learn to read their own language." In consequence of the unspeakable good that had been done in Wales by the Poems of Mr. Prichard, the pious Bishop Bull was so charmed with the author's character, that he was desirous of being buried near him at Llandovery; and the only circumstance which prevented it, is said to

have been, the impossibility of ascertaining the precise spot in which his remains were deposited.

At the Fifth Anniversary of the South Wales Auxiliary Missionary Society, held at Llandovery in 1819, David Davies, Esq. M. D., concluded a speech of considerable length, by alluding to the Vicar in the following terms: " I should feel myself guilty of a culpable omission, did I not on this occasion pay some tribute of respect to the memory of a very good man, who, some centuries ago, lived in this place—I mean the Rev. Rees Prichard, a native of this place, the Vicar of this parish, Rector of Llanedy, in this county of Carmarthen, and a Dignitary of the Church of St. David's. He lived in the times of James the First, and Charles the First, and by his writings, example and pious life, greatly assisted to reform the manners and morals of the age in which he lived. The country had not then long been emancipated from the chains and tyranny of popery, and was in a state of considerable ignorance and darkness. His poems in Welsh, called *The Welshman's Candle*, produced a most wonderful effect on the minds of the people; for they were even lisped by babes, and sung in every house, and to this day are read with great advantage and edification. They are written in a plain familiar style, and suitable to the taste and genius of the Welsh people. The recollection of so great and good a man cannot, I trust, be irrelevant to the princi-

pal object of this Society; for although he was not a missionary, he was a great reformer; highly respected and beloved in his time, and lamented in his death." Such being the high estimation in which the Welsh hold their favourite poet, it is presumed that the beautiful lines of Virgil, inserted as a motto in the title-page of this work, will not be deemed inappropriate. The following translation of those lines is given by Dryden:

" O heavenly poet ! such thy verse appears,  
So sweet, so charming to our ravish'd ears,  
As to the weary swain, with cares oppress'd,  
Beneath the silvan shade, refreshing rest;  
As to the fev'rish traveller, when first  
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst."

In the year 1771, the Rev. William Evans, Vicar of Llewaden, in Pembrokeshire, published an English Translation of " The Welshman's Candle," without alteration or abridgment. This was the only translation ever offered to the public. It was printed by subscription at Carmarthen; and not being sold any where in England, must have been entirely unknown beyond the principality, except to a few of the Translator's friends, who were induced to become subscribers. A second edition of Mr. Evans's work was recently printed at Merthyr Tydvil, with the omission of his preface. It is entitled " The Morning Star," and may be had from London on application to any Bookseller. Of this the Editor was not aware until the manuscript of the pre-

sent work was finished, when he was presented with a copy of the above edition, accompanied with the intimation, that a new one could not be wanted. It is however certain, that the Vicar of Llandovery is still generally unknown in England, though much more worthy of being known in that part of the kingdom, than many English works are of being known in Wales. And though it be readily conceded, that a mere reprint of of Mr. Evans's Translation "cannot be wanted," it is presumed that the Poems of Mr. Prichard now appear with more advantage than on any former occasion, and will be much more acceptable to the English reader.

In his Preface, Mr. Evans has the following remarks on the mode Mr. Prichard thought fit to adopt for the instruction, and religious edification of his countrymen: "With but little trouble, we may trace it from the earliest antiquity: witness the Song of Moses,—of Deborah and Barak,—and the divine compositions of the royal Psalmist, which, together with many other parts of Scripture, were written in Hebrew Verse." Calvin tells us, that "remarkable and illustrious transactions used to be described in verse, that they might be in the mouths of all, and that a perpetual memorial of them might be established; for by this means, a point of doctrine becomes better known, than if it were delivered in a more simple manner." Dr. Patrick, in the Preface to that most excellent Treatise *De Veritate Christianæ Re-*

*Ugionis*, says that Grotius wrote it, in his own language, in verse, because it was the ancient manner of delivering the most useful things; as he himself observes, in his *Prolegomena* to Stobaeus's *Florilegium*, where, as a proof of it, he alleges that of Homer, who observes, that Clitemnestra did not incline to vice, till she had lost him who used to sing to her;\* for precepts of wisdom, so taught, are exceedingly charming to the minds of youth, being not only more easily imprinted on the memory, but calculated to touch the affections more powerfully, than when otherwise delivered. Aristotle informs us, that the laws of kingdoms were, in more ancient times, thus written. With a view more easily to convey

\* The passage alluded to occurs in the third book of the *Odyssey*, and is thus translated by Mr. Pope:

“ Virtue’s image yet possess her mind,  
Taught by a master of the tuneful kind:  
Atreides, parting for the Trojan war,  
Consign’d the youthful consort to his care.  
True to his charge, the bard preserv’d her long  
In honour’s limits; such the power of song.  
But when the gods these objects of their hate  
Dragg’d to destruction by the links of fate;  
The bard they banish’d from his native soil,  
And left all helpless in a desert isle:  
There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,  
Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.  
Then virtue was no more; her guard away,  
She fell, to sin a voluntary prey.”

religion to people's minds, and fix it there, Apolinarius translated the five books of Moses, and the rest of the Bible, as far as the Reign of Saul, into heroic verse, in imitation of Homer's Poems. The early use, and powerful effect of this kind of composition in our own country, is evinced by the story of Adelmus, who, a little before the time of Edward the Confessor, by his skill in poetry and singing, did so much in civilizing the people, and instructing them in the duties of religion, that Lanfrank thought good by his own authority, to make him a Saint. I am told that, in the Protestant parts of Germany, instead of loose ballads, as in other countries, the people employ themselves, at their work, on the road, in the fields, and in the gardens, in singing Hymns, composed by Luther, and other good authors. Dr. Watts will be for ever remembered for his useful compositions of this nature. But I shall say no more on the advantages of this mode of propagating christian knowledge, than just to remark, that as many read more for amusement than instruction, they will frequently take up a volume of poems, when they would not be disposed to look into a system of divinity, or any long treatise on religious subjects in prose; so just and true are those often quoted lines:

‘ A verse may catch him, who a sermon flies,  
And turn delight into a sacrifice!’”

As the original work of Mr. Prichard contains about

480 pages, Mr. Evans once thought of contracting several of the poems, by removing a great many tautologies, in which the author abounds,—owing, as he supposes, to a desire of inculcating a valuable sentiment, or important precept, so as to impress it more forcibly on the minds of his readers, and ensure its being retained in one form or other. He designed to have omitted some thoughts and expressions, evidently suited to the conception and taste of the lower classes only, “which,” he observes, “would undoubtedly have added strength and beauty to the work, as the rays of the sun operate more powerfully when brought into a focus.” This design he afterwards abandoned, lest it should have rendered his translation less acceptable and useful. However, on a careful examination of his work, the editor of the present volume felt the propriety of adopting such a plan, and thought he could express the sentiments of the Vicar in better verse. He has therefore endeavoured to meet the literary taste of the day, being convinced that such versification as was found sufficient to render the work useful fifty years since, cannot now ensure its acceptance, even among ordinary readers. To render the work as complete as possible, he has chosen an entirely new arrangement of the poems, according to the natural order of the different subjects, altered the titles of many of them, and sometimes united part of two poems, where the subject was the same. The Catechism he has wholly omitted, as being neither



suited to his plan, nor deemed of sufficient importance to be retained. In thus reducing the whole to order, and adopting the ancient division of the work into four books, he has been enabled to insert those poems which relate to the doctrines of religion in the first book; those on practical piety in the second; moral subjects in the third; and miscellaneous pieces in the fourth. The verse he has endeavoured to improve, wherever it required alteration; so that the whole work has cost him as much time and pains, as if it had been entirely original; and he therefore hopes, that, in point of smoothness, correctness, and propriety, it will appear not unworthy of general approbation. Several notes have been added, by way of illustration, and with a view to render the work more valuable and instructive. If the reader be disposed to consult them as he goes along, they will not only afford the advantage of variety, but often lead to profitable reflection.

The work, in its present state, may be regarded as an improvement of Mr. Evans's Version, intended not so much for the Welsh, to whom the poems are already known, as for the English, to whom they are unknown. And notwithstanding the decided manner in which some critics have declared against making alterations in the works of old authors, it is hoped that the present case will be deemed an exception. It will at least be considered, that light from an expiring candle must be given

ans of a new taper; that the original work cannot all injured by the present publication; but may, on the contrary, receive increased attention in the sphere it occupies: and if, among a new class of readers, a portion of that good be effected, with which the work of Mr. Prichard has been honoured in Wales, the Editor's object will be gained, and his prayers abundantly answered.

FORDWEST,  
24, 1821.

### ***ERRATA.***

**Preface, page xi ; for divisions were, read, *division was.***

**Page 12, line 7 ; for od'rous myrrh, &c. read,---*such perfumes as grace  
a royal feast.***

**Page 104, line 20 ; for distill, read *distil.***

**Page 160, line 8 ; for anchor, read *pilot.***

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**THE**  
**VICAR OF LLANDOVERY.**

**BOOK I.**



### *Subject of the First Book.*

The first book contains a series of poems on the principal DOCTRINES of the Christian Religion ; and though not so numerous as to afford a distinct and formal view of divine truth in its various branches, will be found to include every thing of essential importance. Thus, the Perfections of God are noticed in the poem on Providence ; and the Trinity, in that on the Person of Christ. The two pieces relating to the errors of Popery, are here retained in consequence of the revival, and alarming spread of those errors in different parts of the kingdom ; and because it still appears necessary for Protestants to be armed against them.

**THE  
VICAR OF LLANDOVERY.**

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**BOOK I.**

---

**NECESSITY AND EXCELLENCE OF REVEALED  
RELIGION.**

**T**HEY who in youth, & hoary age,  
To realms of bliss would learn the way,  
Must make their guide the sacred page,  
And for divine assistance pray.

For not the orbs of day and night,  
Nor all the stars that gleam on high,  
Can, like the gospel, give a light  
That will conduct them to the sky.

Its beams both truth and grace afford,  
The doctrine of our fall explain,  
Shew how God's image is restor'd,  
And how true happiness we gain.

What else can consolation give,  
And dissipate our guilty fear?  
It bids the dead through Jesus live,  
And in his righteousness appear!

Its heavenly power the mind sustains,  
And lifts her grov'ling thoughts on high;  
A joyful confidence she gains,  
Nor does her Maker's presence fly.

The Bible in thy native tongue,  
On easy terms may now be had; <sup>1</sup>  
Its truths may be thy daily song,  
And make thy broken spirit glad.

For it will comfort and advise,—  
Will give thee succour in distress;—  
Will make thee to salvation wise,  
And lead to endless happiness.

Let not the labour fruitless prove,  
Which cost in England such a sum; <sup>2</sup>  
Or how wilt thou appear above,  
When mortals to the judgment come?

Keep it at all times near thy heart,—  
At work,—at rest,—at home,—abroad;  
Unto thy sons its sense impart,  
*To guide them in the heavenly road.*

Still let this chain adorn thy neck;  
Still let this frontlet grace thy brow;  
Still let this ring thy finger deck,  
And thus before thy Maker bow.

This wholesome food each morning taste;  
Be it each noon thy constant fare;  
And every night a sweet repast  
Of this celestial bread prepare.

What is the body's full supply,  
If, pain'd through want, the spirit dies?  
How soon each empty joy must fly,  
When guilt upon the conscience lies!

Far better in some cave abide,  
Where streams of free salvation flow,  
Than in the richest vale reside,  
Where none the Saviour's fulness know.

'Tis hard to see the dew and rain  
Refresh some distant neighbour's field,  
If thine should under drought remain,  
And for thy flocks no pasture yield.

Then if salvation's joyful sound  
Thou canst not in thy parish hear,  
Go thou from place to place around,  
And seek the truth with pious fear.

In humble faith the word receive,  
As if from Christ's own mouth it came;  
With all thy heart the grace believe,  
Announc'd in thy Redeemer's name.

What if the preacher's rude address  
Does but the cross of Christ display;  
Though he his thoughts should ill express, 3  
The truth must win its glorious way.

Should he the love of God declare,  
Whatever his attainments be;  
The preacher's manner gladly bear,  
And Christ himself shall comfort thee.


Let young and old together join,—  
Pursue the path the wise have trod;  
Enrich their minds with things divine,  
And honour thus the word of God;

So shall they know, and truly fear  
Their great Creator while they live,  
Who will, to those who serve him here,  
A crown of endless glory give.

## ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

**T**RUST not to human strength or skill,  
If thou wouldst thy desires fulfil ;  
But look to God, who rules on high,  
And on his providence rely.  
He feeds the warblers of the wood,  
And gives to all his creatures food ;  
He clothes the lillies of the plain,  
And will he not his sons sustain ?  
Observe the humblest flowers that blow ;  
They neither toil nor spinning know ;  
Yet have they not a garment on,  
More fair than that of Solomon ?  
The ravens neither sow nor reap,  
Yet God does ev'n the ravens keep ;  
The fowls, through ev'ry season, feed,  
Without a barn to keep their seed.  
To God the creatures raise their eyes,  
And he their ev'ry want supplies ;  
He feeds them with a parent's care,  
*And gives to each its proper share.*

God is a sun, to cheer and warm ;  
A shield to keep the just from harm ;  
And he delights his grace to shew  
On those who fear his name below.  
On him thy burdens freely cast,  
And trust in him while life shall last :  
His goodness will thy labour speed,  
And help thee in the time of need.  
He gives the abject soul his food ;  
His very foes he fills with good ;  
Supplies the Turk and Heathen's need,  
Bestowing both their bread and seed.  
The cares of worldlings, then, disclaim,—  
And at their portion never aim ;  
But be content with what is thine,  
Submitting to the will divine.—  
While we each evening seek repose,  
God neither sleep nor slumber knows :  
He for his children still prepares,  
And for his household daily cares. 4  
Say, if a mother ever yet  
Her lovely babe could once forget ?  
Nor to assist will God refrain,  
While those he loves to him complain.  
If thou by faith his aid implore,  
He'll largely bless thy worldly store :  
Or thou shalt be divinely wise,  
*And make thy scanty means suffice.*



Thou dost not drop a single hair,  
Nor falls a sparrow from the air  
Without the providence divine,  
That watches over thee and thine.  
The sparrows are of value small,  
Yet God himself supports them all ;  
But still more precious in his sight  
The pious man—the child of light.  
His promise ev'ry good ensures,  
And faith his bounty still secures :  
Then why shouldst thou in want remain,  
Or fail the blessing to obtain ?  
Thy soul in patience learn to keep ;  
Enjoy thy food, and soundly sleep ;  
By faith to God commit thy ways,  
And he shall fill thy mouth with praise.

---

**THE DIVINE PERSON, LIFE AND DEATH  
OF CHRIST.**

**Y**E pious souls, who can with pleasure hear  
The Saviour's love, and his high name revere ;  
Attend, whilst I his incarnation tell,  
And what, till death, your gracious Lord befall.—



"The Word was God," e'er heaven and earth were made,  
 Or the foundations of the world were laid ;—  
 The Second Person of the Sacred Three,—  
 Of all things made, the great Greater he.  
 Known, as the Lord, before he left the sky,  
 Coequal with his glorious Sire on high,  
 He then o'er countless hosts of angels reign'd,  
 Although to suffer shame on earth ordain'd.

When, to redeem us, he his throne forsook,  
 Our form and nature on himself he took :—  
 Was "God with us"—became a little child,  
 Nor by the union was with sin defil'd.  
 Two natures in the blest Redeemer join,—  
 His person is both human and divine :  
 That does the mother, ~~this the Sire~~ declare ;  
 They're both distinct, and yet both perfect are ;—  
 The Son of God,—and yet a mortal's son ;  
 And though complex, he still is truly one :—  
 The son of man, without a father, made—  
 The Son of God, without a mother's aid ! 5

Warn'd by a band of angels from the skies,  
 A train of shepherds, fill'd with glad surprise,  
 To honour'd Bethlehem repair, and see  
 The great, the long-expected mystery ;  
 Then tell to all, that, with united voice,  
*Believing souls may in their God rejoice ;*

For now arriv'd the bless'd, the happy morn,  
On which the Saviour of mankind was born !—  
On which celestial hosts their voices rais'd,  
And in sweet hymns the great Jehovah prais'd,  
Ascribing glory to the God above,  
Who thus to man had shown his boundless love.

Soon after this was seen a radiant star,  
That shone in heaven, resplendent from afar ;  
Whose beaming lustre, brightening all the air,  
Was thought the birth of Jesus to declare.  
Some hoary sages, from the distant East,  
Who had the meaning of the omen guess'd,—  
Led by the radiance of the friendly flame,  
In search of Israel's hope to Judah came.  
And now to Herod all respect they pay,  
Apply at court, and for an answer stay ;  
That, knowing where to find the new-born king,  
They might, with willing hands, their present bring.  
The learned, therefore, were at once agreed,  
That Christ was to be born of David's seed :  
The very place, they found, was nam'd of old,  
Where Micah had the great event foretold.  
Instructed thus, the sages took their way,  
Still guided by the star's refulgent ray,  
Till that which brought them from their native land,  
Seem'd o'er the humble door to take its stand.  
*Entering then the house, with pious joy,*

They see the Virgin with her lovely boy ;  
When they, with bending knees, upon the floor,  
Fall down, the infant Saviour to adore.  
Their various gifts they offer at his feet—  
Gifts, that to him, in all respects are meet ;—  
Gold, the pure product of the wealthy East,  
With od'rous myrrh, and costly incense sweet.

But Herod the unwelcome tidings heard,  
That Christ, the true Messiah, had appear'd ;  
And while in swathes the babe as yet was drest,  
He sought to slay him at his mother's breast.  
He therefore sent an arm'd, a murd'rous crew,  
His dread infernal purpose to pursue ;  
That, as an eagle pounces on his prey,  
He might at once a dangerous rival slay.  
His cruel soldiers, to their orders true,  
Inhumanly the hopes of numbers slew.  
So did his loyal, peaceful subjects fare ;  
Nor would his jealous soul one darling spare !  
Now Mary, warn'd this massacre to shun,  
At midnight rose, and with her new-born son,  
To Egypt travell'd, by divine command,  
And sav'd her infant from the tyrant's hand.  
But Herod dies, as Wisdom did ordain ;  
And then to Judah Christ returns again ;  
Where to his mother due respect he pays,  
*And even Joseph cheerfully obeys.*

At twelve years old, (a wonder to relate,)  
He with the Rabbies enters on debate ; 7  
When men of learning think it strange to find  
Such solid wisdom in so young a mind.—  
When he, at thirty, to the Baptist came,  
And at the river <sup>8</sup> freed himself from blame,  
The Holy Ghost descended from above,  
And hov'ring, lighted on him, like a dove !  
Meanwhile the Father, from on high declar'd  
His will aloud, whilst all the people heard ;—  
Pronounc'd his character, his claims approv'd,  
And fully own'd him as his Son belov'd. 9  
Then, strengthen'd in his mind by this event,  
He to the desert to be tempted went ;  
And though the fiend his holy soul assail'd,  
In each assault the baff'd tempter fail'd.  
This conflict o'er, he travell'd all around,  
To spread the glorious gospel's joyful sound ;  
And then began his miracles to shew,  
In every place where it was meet to go.  
He first of all turn'd water into wine ;  
Then numbers heal'd who did with sickness pine :—  
Restor'd the blind ;—and the defective ear,  
He caus'd the sound of human voice to hear.  
He made the cripple in a moment go,  
And leap for joy, like some young sportive roe.  
Upon the boist'rous billows, far from shore,  
He walk'd erect, and still'd their noisy roar ;—

Ev'n by a single word, whene'er he pleas'd,  
When most it rag'd, the tempest he appeas'd !  
He shew'd his Godhead, when the sons of men,  
He rais'd from death, and bade them live again !  
With five small loaves, five thousand souls he fed ;—  
How great his power !—how wond'rous was that bread !  
How oft the furious fiend he dispossess'd,  
And gave the tortur'd maniac peace and rest !  
How numerous were the miracles he wrought,  
To prove the sacred doctrines which he taught !  
No guile was found in him at any time,  
Nor could pale envy charge him with a crime ;  
And yet his life, with innocence replet,  
Was not beheld with admiration met.

Now when the hour, ordain'd of God, drew nigh,  
In which, for our offences, he must die,  
The traitor came, in seeming virtue bold,  
And for a trivial sum his Master sold ;  
For Judas to destroy him lent his aid,  
And for a bribe his gracious Lord betray'd !  
When to Caiaphas they had led him bound,  
False witnesses encompass'd him around,  
Who, to his charge unnumber'd errors laid,  
And things that he had neither done nor said.  
The Pontiff then, on all that these declare,  
Proceeds to try him with insidious care.  
*He binds him with an oath, to let him know,*

Was he indeed the Son of God, or no.  
The fact he own'd,—while to the court it seem'd,  
That, claiming such a title, he blasphem'd.  
Then, spitting in his face, their hate they shew,  
And o'er his eyes a deadly covering draw ; 10  
While some with staves his sacred person bruise,  
Well pleas'd the "man of sorrows" to abuse !

When morn appear'd, the rulers of the tribes,  
The populace, the Levites, and the Scribes,  
Brought Jesus bound unto the Judgment-Hall,  
There to be try'd, and cast before them all ;  
But Pilate found in him no fault, or guile,  
Though justice seem'd to slumber all the while.  
He own'd it—wash'd his hands—and yet at last,  
Though with regret, the fatal sentence pass'd.  
Thus Christ, transferr'd to an inhuman throng,  
Was sorely scourg'd, though he had done no wrong.  
The soldiers next,—the fiercest of his foes,—  
Advanc'd, and robb'd the sufferer of his clothes ;  
And in their stead, the vile insulting crew  
A robe of scarlet o'er his shoulders throw.  
This done, they made a new-invented crown  
Of thorns, and on his temples press'd it down.  
Then came the blood from every sporting wound,  
And, streaming down his cheeks, distain'd the ground.  
In his right hand an ample reed they plac'd,  
And with feign'd homage their procession grac'd.

Then, with his cross, he went, severely pain'd,  
Until the brow of Calvary they gain'd ;  
Where, bath'd already in his sweat and gore,  
His hands and feet they barbarously tore ;  
They fasten each, (a shocking sight to see !)  
With cruel nails to the accursed tree.  
Yet though so great his woes, so fierce his pain,  
His mouth he never open'd to complain ;  
Nor spoke a word to all the savage band,  
More than a sheep beneath the shearer's hand !  
But mark the prayer, which prov'd his friendship true,  
"Father, forgive—they know not what they do !"   
Thus he besought, with his departing breath,  
That Heaven would pardon those who sought his death.  
And thus, amid those great and direful pains,  
The life,—the blood, that soon forsook his veins,  
Became a sacrifice, accepted then,  
For all the sins of all the sons of men. 11  
Thus God gave up his well beloved Son,  
When he his righteous will on earth had done,  
That for our souls he might a ransom give,  
And bid them, through his death, for ever live !  
Then let us praise him, both by night and day,  
And never fail our grateful thanks to pay.  
All glory, by the hosts of earth and heaven,  
Through endless ages, to his name be given.

## CHARACTERS OF THE SAVIOUR.

**T**HILE Soldiers talk of wars and battles fought ;  
 The Sailors speak of wealth from India brought ;—  
 The Misers praise their heaps of shining ore,  
 Christians join their Saviour to adore.—  
**I**st is the WOMAN'S SEED, divinely led  
 To tread down Satan, and to bruise his head ;—  
 To free us from the curse, that we may live,  
 And give us all the blessings Heaven can give !  
**I**s the SHILOH, sent us from above,  
 To slay our slavish fear, and bondage to remove ;—  
 To turn our erring footsteps to reclaim,  
 And thus to prove the virtue of his name.  
**I**st is the TREE, whence ev'ry saint receives  
 Life and vigour from its healing leaves :  
 Where none can death's eternal sorrows meet,  
 And of its fruit shall freely take, and eat.  
**I**s the ARK, which, from the raging deep,  
 Noah and his household safely keep ;  
 Where can another bark be found to save  
 Us from death's high-swelling and destructive wave.  
**I**s the LADDER Jacob saw of old,  
 Whose high top the heavens in motion roll'd :



By this must all ascend, who wish to rise  
And scale the lofty summit of the skies.

Christ is the PASCHAL LAMB, for safety slain,  
Whose blood secures the soul from mortal pain.  
Ye who have felt sin's agonizing wound,  
Know that in him your only help is found:  
While sighing in the arms of death you lie,  
On him—THE BRAZEN SERPENT—fix your eye.  
To him, your woes—your ev'ry ill make known,  
And he shall heal you—by a look alone!  
Christ is the MANNA, coming from above,  
The fruit of mercy, and of boundless love:  
Haste to the banquet, and the grace adore,  
That bids you eat, and never hunger more.  
Christ is the ALTAR, where, both night and day,  
The incense of our pray'rs and praise we lay;  
Sweet incense, lighted by devotion's fire,  
To our Creator, light's immortal fire.  
He is the ROSE, that in fair Sharon blooms,  
And fills the pastures with its choice perfumes;  
That, by its odour, elevates our hearts,  
And to the fainting spirit, life imparts.  
He is the BALM OF GILEAD, only found  
Of use to close, and heal each dangerous wound.  
It cannot fail to cheer the fainting heart,  
Or to the patient, ease and rest impart.

In Christ we have a **PROPHET**, from the sky,  
With words and miracles our faith to try :  
We hear him speak—the Father's will declare,—  
And lest we hear in vain, should all beware.  
In him, behold a **PRIEST**, whose precious blood,  
Was freely offer'd for the church's good.  
And Oh ! what heart unmov'd could see him bleed,  
To save ungrateful man from his misdeed !—  
The Shepherd for his flock to danger brought—  
The Sov'reign tortur'd for his subject's fault !—  
The Master sold to buy a wretched slave !—  
The Son condemn'd his Father's foes to save !  
This is the **ADVOCATE**, whose pleading can,  
Make up the awful breach 'twixt God and man ;  
While Satan, our accusing, envious foe,  
Would fain effect our total overthrow.  
In Christ behold a **KING**, endu'd with grace,  
Who wisely governs his elected race ;—  
Who brings their stubborn will and passions down,  
That each may win, and wear a heavenly crown.  
His hands the keys of death do safely keep,  
And those which open Hell's tremendous deep ; 12  
So that, without his leave, no power beneath  
Can send one soul into the shades of death.—  
While some to saints and images apply,  
And on their impotent support rely ;  
My steadfast mind in death shall seek for none  
*To give me aid, but Jesus Christ alone.*

He is the PEARL OF PRICE, whose worth is more,  
Than all the gold on India's wealthy shore.  
Who would not over lands and oceans pass,  
And for such treasure part with all he has?—  
Give me, O God, thy well-beloved Son,  
The only Rock I build my hopes upon;  
And then, whate'er be taken from my store,  
In Him I'm rich, and I shall want no more.

---

### STATE OF MAN BY NATURE.

**O**UR father Adam to the fiend of old,  
His unborn race for one dear apple sold; 13  
Nor can we from his fatal power get free  
Until in Christ we gain our liberty.  
The Serpent's poison seeks each vital part,—  
The heedless soul must shortly feel the smart;  
And if the good Physician be not nigh,  
Without his skilful aid, we quickly die!  
Mankind are in the way to ruin seen,—  
By nature heirs of wrath, and all unclean;  
Hence grace must wholly change the carnal mind,  
Or they to righteous vengeance be consign'd!

Nor saint, nor angel-power, that dwells above,  
Nor aught on earth, can God's fierce wrath remove ;—  
Not all the waters pendent in the sky,  
Nor those that in the spacious Severn lie ;  
Nor even the ocean's far more spacious flood,  
Can quench the flame—but only Jesus' blood !

Now search the boundless heaven, the earth, the air,  
The sea, and all that is therein, with care ;  
And every region will confess that none,  
Except Emanuel, can for sin atone.—  
The brazen serpent in a moment cur'd  
Those who the poison in their veins endur'd ;  
And Jesus, by his grace, at once can heal  
Those who the deadly shafts of Satan feel.—  
As blood of victims, by God's order slain,  
From Israel's tents the angel did restrain ;  
So now the purple stream, as Christians find,  
Preserves in peace the faithful, humble mind.  
Then why, O why shouldst thou remain bereav'd  
Of treasures, once from God's own hand receiv'd ? 14  
How canst thou ever blest and happy be,  
Until celestial grace enriches thee ?  
If not anew created by the Lord,  
And to obedient love in Christ restor'd,  
Thou never canst thy devious ways amend,  
Or to a virtuous course in truth attend. 15

The sheep that once has wander'd from the pen,  
Must wander on, if not brought back again;  
Nor will the sinner, till in mercy borne,  
To the kind shepherd of his soul return.  
None will the leech apply, their flesh to heal,  
Until the pain and rankling smart they feel:  
So on their Saviour sinners never wait,  
Till fully conscious of their dangerous state.  
We must our sad condition plainly see,—  
Behold our guilt, and native poverty;—  
For past and present sin, be made to grieve,  
Or we our need of Christ shall not perceive.

But still salvation must be duly sought,  
As by the gospel dying men are taught;—  
In God's own way they must his grace partake,  
And live before him for the Saviour's sake.  
Each must, by pow'r superior to his own,  
Approach in penitence before the throne:  
To draw them, see the love of God appear,  
As it extends to sinners, far and near;  
While he, with kindness, each request receives,  
And to the contrite boundless mercy gives.  
Yet even when they hear his gracious call,  
He must entreat, and court them, after all;  
They must be follow'd by persuasions kind,  
(So obstinate, and so perverse their mind!)

The rebel by his Sovereign must be press'd !  
The traitor must with mildness be address'd !  
Then, self-condemn'd, and wounded to the heart,  
He will with all his sins and follies part :  
When God's own spirit, dwelling in his breast,  
Shall bid him in Jehovah find his rest.

---

### NECESSITY AND IMPORTANCE OF FAITH IN CHRIST.

**C**OME, all that are laden with sorrow and sin,  
A life of true faith and religion begin.—  
Though no earthly treasure the Saviour can move,  
Or purchase for sinners one look of his love ;  
Yet faith, though it be as the smallest of grains,  
At once for its owner salvation obtains.  
The rich need this faith, just as much as the poor ;—  
No birth nor good fortune the grace can secure ;  
And each must believe with a faith of his own,  
Since no public creed for its want can atone :  
For 'tis not the faith of a mother or sire,—  
Of princes, or nobles,—that God doth require ;  
Nor can we the blessings of Heaven obtain  
By holding a faith that is lifeless and vain.

The faith of the son for his father must fail ;—  
To save his own child can no father prevail ;  
But while unbelievers in hell have their doom,  
For all that are faithful, in Christ there is room.  
Believing, the saint can his troubles dismiss ;—  
His faith brings him joy, and shall perfect his bliss :  
Without it stern justice is not yet appeas'd ;  
While God with our duties can never be pleas'd ;  
For faith is the means by which mortals below,  
Their portion in Christ, and true happiness know—  
In him they are rich, and possess such a store,  
That they shall not hunger, nor thirst any more !

Did sinners but know how tremendous their case,  
While strangers to Jesus, and void of his grace,  
To him they would hasten, to wipe out the stain,  
Which dooms them to banishment, darkness, and pain.  
What are they, by nature, but slaves of the fiend,  
The victims of hell, and of death without end ?  
Their chains are not broken, nor ever will be,  
Till Christ by his power and grace set them free.  
The angel hangs over each house on the wing,  
And death is the plague that his pinions bring !  
Without the Lamb's blood, and the voice of true pray'r,  
Deep groans and loud weeping will soon be heard there ;  
Since none for the sins of mankind can atone,  
But Jesus, as dying, and Jesus alone.—

Jehovah's not bound his compassion to shew ;  
For none can be due unto man, as a foe :  
Hence he must be saved alone by the grace,  
That fully and freely his sins can erase.

By faith in the gospel your refuge obtain,  
Lay hold on the promise, free pardon to gain ;  
No Saviour but Jesus can rescue a slave  
From sin, his old master ;—he's mighty to save !—  
No name besides his, can be found under heav'n,  
Through which saving help to mankind can be giv'n.  
Then trust not to nature, nor ever more cease  
In Christ to believe, both for pardon and peace.—  
'Tis not by our learning, or study, or parts,  
That we have the grace of true faith in our hearts ;  
But when both the Spirit and word are combin'd,  
True faith is excited, and works in the mind.  
With pious reflection attend to the word,  
And soon the good Spirit this grace will afford.  
It cometh by hearing, as God has ordain'd ;  
And thus many thousands the blessing have gain'd.  
This blessing the Saviour's exalted to give ;  
'Tis out of his fulness he bids you receive ;  
And though you should ask him again and again,  
You doubtless at length shall the favour obtain.



## TRUE FAITH KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS.

**"FAITH** without works," the Christian knows, "is dead,"  
A worthless carcass, whence the soul is fled :  
There can't be fire without attending heat,  
Nor harmony without deportment sweet :  
The generous vine is with fair clusters crown'd,  
And living faith with its own fruit is found.  
Those who in Christ sincerely do believe,  
Are born again, and as new creatures live.  
Their souls, replenish'd with celestial light,  
Pursue the path of holiness aright ;  
In truth abhor their former evil ways,  
And lead a life of virtue all their days.

Behold Zaccheus, Magdalene, and Paul !  
Mark how the faith in Jesus chang'd them all !  
We instantly perceive their morals just,  
When once in Christ they come to place their trust.  
Before Zaccheus was a Christian made,  
To rob the needy was his daily trade ;  
But when salvation came, he gave the poor  
An ample share of his unrighteous store.  
Though Magdalene was lost to virtuous shame,  
*And thus entail'd disgrace upon her name,*

Through faith in Christ, a pious life she led,  
And was acknowledg'd as a saint, when dead.  
Though Saul, a furious persecutor stood,  
And panted, like a wolf, for christian blood,  
How soon he chang'd his nature <sup>16</sup> with his name,  
And from a foe, a zealous friend became!  
So shalt thou every sinful habit leave,  
When thou shalt truly to the Saviour cleave;  
For till there's such a reformation wrought,  
Thy faith a mere opinion must be thought.

Presume not, then, that thy belief is right,  
If Christ thy nature has not alter'd quite:  
True faith produces, in the heirs of grace,  
A holy, wise, and heavenly-minded race.  
Howe'er corrupt thy fallen nature be,  
Or strong the power of sin that reigns in thee;  
Christ, by his grace, can form thy soul anew,  
And turn the rebel to a subject true;—  
Can raise thy groveling spirit from the dust,  
To emulate the conduct of the just.  
Thy faith, from heaven, must grace and power attract,  
To bring the christian theory into act;  
For every virtue must prepare the way,  
And keep thee just and holy day by day.

The man who shall affirm that he believes,  
And yet repents not, he himself deceives:

His faith is nothing but an empty boast,  
A notion, or a useless form at most.  
Be not deceiv'd, but like some ever-green,  
Let faith in works of holiness be seen ;  
For if it does not in the life appear,  
Our poverty, and want of grace is clear.  
Then we for help to God must humbly turn,  
And o'er our own delusion deeply mourn,  
Imploring mercy, that we may not die,  
While mercy's angel-form is passing by.  
So when the clouds, that seem to promise rain,  
Disperse in air, and clear the sky again ;  
The farmer, grieving for his parched land,  
Waits until God the genial shower command.

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#### ON ELECTION AND EFFICACIOUS GRACE.

**M**Y soul with all her powers would try  
To lift her Maker's praise on high ;—  
Thy goodness, Lord, to all display,  
And with due thanks thy love repay ;  
For ere the eternal hills were made,  
Or their foundations firmly laid,

Thy grace in Christ to me was given,\*  
That I might be an heir of heaven.

Within thy book my members were,  
With ev'ry feature that I bear ;  
And while conceal'd my substance lay,  
Thy hand was with me ev'ry day.  
When through the gates of life I came,  
I was not injur'd, blind, or lame ;  
While many only leave the womb  
To pass through sorrows to the tomb.  
Thy hand my heritage did give  
Where I amongst thy saints might live ;  
Whereas my lot might just as well  
Have been in Heathen lands to dwell.

Though I, through Adam's fault of old,  
Was unto sin and Satan sold,  
Thy grace through my Redeemer slain,  
My lasting freedom did obtain.  
What love with this shall I compare,  
When God's own Son, of all things heir,  
Came down, beneath the curse to lie,  
And on the cross for man to die !—  
Through his dear name I live anew,—  
Those works of grace with wonder view ;

\* Eph. i. 2--6.

And though a child of wrath before,  
I find salvation, and adore !  
Call'd by a voice distinct and loud,  
I now forsake the drunken crowd, 17  
My Father's child in truth to be,  
And he the source of joy to me.  
Created in his image bright,  
I would be found a child of light,—  
From vile affections purified,  
Like gold, that by the fire is tried ;  
For now I feel conferr'd on me  
A ray of pure divinity :\*—  
Fain would my spirit upward soar,  
And dwell with God for evermore.

Though truly wretched once my case,  
And both my works and nature base ;  
Yet, gracious God, when most undone,  
My hope was found in thy dear Son.  
Yes, and I shall, for Jesus' sake,  
The joy and bliss of heaven partake ;  
And there inherit the reward,  
For all thy saints above prepar'd.  
Then shall I dwell in perfect peace,  
When all my pains and labours cease ;  
And when the world shall hear from high  
The great Archangel's powerful cry,

\* 2 Peter i. 4.

My flesh shall from the dust arise  
To join its partner in the skies !

For such bright hopes and prospects given,  
How shall I bless the King of heaven ?  
Help me, ye angels, to proclaim  
The honours of his matchless name !  
O for the grace to praise him more,  
And still my Saviour to adore !  
I would to all eternity,  
Speak of his kindness shewn to me.

---

### PERSEVERANCE IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

**T**RUE to his purpose, as the sun is true  
To wake the morning, and the day renew,  
Jehovah visits all the chosen race,—  
Restores their souls, and fills them with his grace.  
Before his power had form'd the heavens of old,  
Their names were in the Book of Life enrol'd ;  
He knows the souls whom he in Christ did choose,  
Nor will he one of all their number lose.

Those whom he favour'd thus, before the fall,  
He does in time to faith and virtue call.  
According to his promise, he imparts  
His fear to awe them, and to rule their hearts;  
And though imperfectly to him they cleave,  
The way of truth they cannot wholly leave.  
On them the God of mercy sets his seal,  
While they, by works, their character reveal;  
He gives the earnest of eternal joys,  
And in his service all their powers employs.

Eternal life the blessed Saviour gives,  
To each who truly in his name believes;  
And lest from virtue they should ever fall,  
The Spirit of his grace preserves them all:  
Their souls from fatal error he reclaims,  
And from presumptuous sin their will restrains.  
Thus they continue in his ways to go,  
Because no change his gifts and calling know.

Though sin be even found in God's elect,  
And though the saints their duty oft neglect;  
Yet never can they go so far astray,  
As finally to lose the narrow way.  
Though David, in a deadly snare was found;  
Though Peter his Redeemer once disown'd;  
Yet saving help was soon in mercy sent,  
And both were brought sincerely to repent.—

No man can be of his salvation sure  
Because he feels in his own mind secure ;  
For grace will urge him to amend his ways ;  
And if a saint, he instantly obeys :  
He flies to God, who will his own protect,  
Nor can the objects of his choice reject.  
His boundless love, with holy strength replete,  
The work began will to his praise complete : is  
None can resist the will of God above ;  
And whom he loves, he will for ever love.

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### THE BLESSEDNESS OF DYING IN THE LORD.

**D**ID those who shrink from dying, rightly know  
What blessings thence to happy spirits flow,  
Their fears would vanish,—and, with tuneful voice,  
Their souls at death's approaches would rejoice.  
He comes to close this strange, this motley scene  
Of cruel pains, and fears, and thoughts unclean ;  
He steers the saints through life's tempestuous sea,  
To that *fair haven*, where they wish to be.



Death, after all our troubles, makes our beds;  
That we may sweetly rest our weary heads;  
He gives us ease and happiness at last,  
When all our straits and grievances are past.  
Death buries all our follies in the grave,  
With every fault and weakness that we have.  
Then, on the mind no more shall error seize;  
Nor shall the body suffer through disease:  
From these, the dead find refuge in the grave;—  
From these, the arm of death is sent to save.

God often takes the pious man away,  
Lest he should live until some fatal day,  
When deep distress o'erwhelms his native place,  
Or dire calamities attack his race.  
He kindly calls his people from among  
The dangers that surround the heedless throng,  
Lest they should in the way of sinners go,  
And do those works which always end in woe.  
Death leads the saints from Sodom's fatal plain,  
And places them beyond the fiery rain:  
He bids them from the power of sin be free,  
And brings them to the land of liberty.  
The righteous from their troubles he relieves,  
And rest from all their pain and sorrow gives—  
To bliss and glory points the certain road,  
Where solid pleasure makes her fix'd abode.

Death comes to change victorious faith to sight,  
And join a spirit to the saints in light;  
He bids the soul, in prison long confined,  
Cast off its chains, and leave them all behind.  
Then, of the robes in which the saint was drest,  
He hastes the happy spirit to divest;  
That it may wear a vesture rich and gay,  
Which Christ has furnish'd for its bright array.

What Christian, then, need be of death afraid,  
Or in the gloomy valley be dismay'd?  
He leads him safe through trouble's thorny ways,  
And to the palace of his God conveys.  
Then let the Turk, to every virtue dead;  
Or the poor Pagan, death's approaches dread:  
Let not the pious Christian be in pain—  
For *him* to die shall be eternal gain!  
The pain of dying let him never mind;  
Since to the Lord he shall be closer join'd:  
Let him, in meeting death, with rapture say,  
"This is my feast—my coronation day!"  
Such is the hour that ends this mortal race,  
When scenes on earth to those of heaven give place  
—The hour that brings him to the blest abode  
Of Christ his Saviour, and his Father God!

Think, O my soul, upon the life above,  
To which *thou* shortly must from this remove;

Where, for the saints, eternal joys remain—  
 Joys unalloy'd with sickness, or with pain.  
 Renounce the world, with all its dangerous sweets,  
 Its pompous pageantries and vain deceits;  
 Nor do thou idly loiter on the road,  
 But onward hasten to thy blest abode.  
 Say unto God, "I fain thy voice would hear,  
 And to thy mercy see my title clear:  
 Fain would I seize the promises divine  
 With faith's strong grasp, and make them ever mine.  
 To thee, my God, I come without delay;—  
 I now my all upon thy altar lay:  
 Preserve me to my life's departing hour,  
 And save me by thy mercy's mighty power."

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### IN VAIN TO PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

**V**AIN are the efforts of mistaken love  
 For those who, sentenced by the court above,  
 Are fix'd eternally in bliss or pain,  
 Where they from pray'r can no advantage gain.  
 The souls sincere, who in their Lord believe,  
*Dying in faith, their clay-built mansions leave*

To dwell with angels:—they to meet them fly,  
And bear them to the blest abodes on high.  
'Twas thus the soul of holy Lazarus fled,  
And left its worn-out partner with the dead.  
But when from its pale mansion here below,  
The soul of Dives was compell'd to go,  
Remorseless fiends convey'd it down to howl,  
Where flames of wrath, and fiery billows roll.  
Thus, as their works on earth were wrong or right,  
Their state is fix'd:—the righteous take their flight,  
With perfect spirits of the just to dwell,  
While harden'd sinners are confin'd in hell.  
The former, with unfading honours crown'd,  
Receive their place where endless joys abound:  
And now, fulfill'd their every just request,  
In God's unchanging love they sweetly rest.  
They need no priest, nor saint, for them to pray,  
Since happy and supremely blest are they.  
The latter will not quit their dens in hell,  
For all the prayers apostate Rome can sell.  
Should all the priests throughout the world unite  
To pray for wicked men with all their might,  
In vain their services of every kind;—  
The God of truth will never change his mind.

When David's favourite child had breath'd his last,  
He knew full well the time of prayer was past:

He saw it vain for him to shed a tear,  
Or further, as a mourner, to appear.  
Our reason shews how needless 'tis to pray,  
For one whose soul to heaven has found its way:  
That soul, without a prayer, must ever rest  
In realms of happiness among the blest.  
And who, that makes the infernal lake his home,  
By means of prayer from that abode can come?  
The sentence pass'd can ne'er be done away—  
Where the tree falls it must for ever stay.  
Vain, then, the prayers and masses that are said,  
Except in cheating for the sake of bread;  
For all the profit to the living goes,  
Instead of gaining for the dead repose.

The time for prayer is while we here remain,  
Where those who ask, both life and favour gain;—  
Before we die, and to the shades are gone,  
The prize of heaven is either lost or won.  
Now is the time—before the approaching night,—  
To seek for oil, our empty lamps to light.  
Call'd, while the day remains, to act our part,  
Who would not seek for grace to change his heart?  
Since Heaven with each offender can agree,  
Who would with Justice still at variance be?  
If the stout rebel be to hell consign'd,  
He does himself in chains of darkness bind:

And when the fire and worm his woes create,  
Repentance will for ever be too late.

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**PURGATORY AN IDLE TALE.**

**T**WO places only are to mortals known,  
Where souls reside, when from the body gone—  
Or heaven above, or hell's infernal vale;  
For Purgatory's but an idle tale.—  
But two ways only all mankind must go;  
To heaven the one—the other leads to woe:—  
A third, can no one, from the gospels prove,  
Where fairer sinners at their exit move.  
Those holy books point out for them that die,  
A hell beneath—a heaven above the sky,  
In which their own companions they shall find,  
And where to each a dwelling is assign'd—  
Where faithful souls eternal glory gain,  
While unbelievers do in hell complain.

There's nought in nature that can purge the soul  
From latent vices, or from actions foul.  
The furnace may prepare the gold to shine;  
But no such furnace can the soul refine.

If nature did a Purgatory own,  
It must to some one be distinctly known.  
And yet they say, it is not in the sky,  
Nor does it in the nether region lie :  
It is not in the earth, nor in the sea ;—  
Where, then, can this same purgatory be ?  
It lies within mount Etna, some maintain ;  
And others think, beneath the roaring main :  
Some, in the earth ; and some in hell below ;—  
The place where all who love a lie must go !  
The holy angels, as some papists say,  
Chastise the souls who there are doom'd to stay :  
Some would the devils those tormentors make ;  
And others cannot tell what side to take.  
Some say that they shall be in water boil'd,  
And others think that souls may there be broil'd ! 19  
Others, that they in penal fire may fry,  
While we conclude the whole to be a lie.  
Some think that venial sins alone remain  
To be remov'd by purgatorial pain ;  
But others, wise as they, conceive it clear,  
That deadly sins alone are punish'd there.  
Some their tremendous pains must undergo  
For near a thousand tedious years, or so ;  
Some, until doomsday, as by many said ;  
Some, till an offering for their sins be paid !  
Now when such gifts do once the altar grace,  
*'Tis said the Pope, who stands in Peter's place,*

Can whom he will from purgatory save,  
And that each soul, through him, may favour have.  
The wealthy, then, may chance to come from thence;  
But woe to him who has no stock of pence!  
For such kind pastors he may still remain,  
To roll in fire, and gnash his teeth for pain?

If purgatory make the sinner pure,  
Why did the Saviour all his pains endure?  
For what is our Redeemer's passion good?  
Or why for sinners did he shed his blood?—  
Do not the Scriptures oft expressly say,  
That by his blood our sin is purg'd away?  
But if material fire such virtue boast,  
His death and sufferings are entirely lost!

Such dangerous tenets as the Papists hold,  
Shew me that their's is not the Saviour's fold.  
I leave those wolves, that seek the sheep to kill,  
And with the bleeding spoil their avarice fill.  
Thanks be to Him, who my transgressions bore,—  
Who bids me go in peace, and sin no more!  
On him my burdens I can freely lay,  
Who kindly takes my greatest sins away.



## THE HAPPINESS OF DEPARTED INFANTS.

**W**EEP not, fond parent, that the tender boon  
Kind Heaven bestow'd should be resum'd so soon.  
The babe that sunk into the arms of death,  
Now draws in Paradise celestial breath.  
Some messenger was sent from God in love,  
To bear him to the glorious realms above ;  
Where, free from sorrows, that to earth belong,  
New sounds of rapture might employ his tongue.  
With Lazarus, in faithful Abrah'm's breast,  
The infant soul enjoys eternal rest : 21  
The angels to yon distant peaceful shore  
The happy spirit on their pinions bore,  
Ere sin had time its morals to defile,  
Or tempt its opening powers to actions vile.  
Remov'd from scenes that would corrupt the mind,  
It leaves the moral pestilence behind ;  
And now, from neither friend nor open foe,  
The happy soul shall pain or mischief know.

Raise now thy eyes to yonder blissful state,  
And see what glories on thy infant wait !  
Behold him number'd with the virgin train,  
Whom grace preserv'd from ev'ry fatal stain !

Soon as he enter'd to the realms of light,  
They cloth'd him in those robes of purest white,  
Which, as the gift of Christ, thy darling wears,  
And more refulgent than the sun appears.  
'Twas then that golden crown became his own,  
Which now he casts before the eternal throne.  
Such were the honours thy sweet infant graced,  
When first amongst his fellows he was placed.  
And now their humble souls with angels vie  
To lift their Saviour's praise and glory high.  
How vast the numbers of that infant throng!  
How sweet to listen to their varied song!  
Nor does the music from an angel's strings,  
Surpass the praise each younger spirit brings.  
View next the manna, and the fruitage sweet,  
Which evermore they at their pleasure eat!  
Behold the fount, whence living waters flow:—  
Who tastes them once, no thirst again can know,  
Such is the food that saints above enjoy—  
A plenteous banquet, that can never cloy!

Why, then, should we in ceaseless mourning go,  
For those whom God releases from their woe?  
His love transports them to their heavenly home,  
And thus he takes them from the ills to come,  
He calls his fav'rites to eternal rest,  
Lest, through injustice, they should be oppress'd,

Abel, though guiltless as a lamb, was slain;  
And Joseph long in prison did remain;  
A night with lions holy Daniel spent;—  
David through mighty seas of trouble went;  
One, who, though rich, becomes diseased and bare;  
Another dies suspended by his hair!  
Fall'n by the sword, the bleeding hero lies;  
The drunken soul, o'erwhelm'd with liquor, dies;  
The halter robs another of his breath,  
While those who nurs'd him mourn so vile a death.  
Some parents bring up children to be shot;  
And others suffer yet a harder lot;—  
They bow their heads beneath a load of shame,  
And blush to hear their own dishonour'd name!

Then happy they, who, by some kindly breeze,  
Are wafted soon o'er life's tempestuous seas!  
No evil now their wandering steps attends,  
Nor can they grieve the least of all their friends.  
Weep, then, no more than nature may require,  
But grace and wisdom from above desire:  
Balm for the wound may God in mercy send,  
And grant each pilgrim such a happy end!

## THE HEAVENLY STATE.

**C**OME, hearken to a Pastor's strains,  
And look to yonder blissful plains,  
Where those celestial glories lie,  
Which God prepares for saints on high.  
How many lose the seat of bliss  
Because they know not what it is?  
And oft, like dunces, as they are,  
Give up, for trifles, light as air!  
One, for intoxicating drink;—  
Can men of such a bargain think?  
Another, not more wise than he,  
To eat of some forbidden tree!  
Some rob their souls, because no ear  
They give to all the truths they hear;  
And some, because they still refuse  
To ask for grace, the blessing lose.  
But view the kingdom God's dear Son  
For all his favour'd brethren won!  
Think, too, what all its glories cost;  
Nor let it be through folly lost.

Not earth its glories can declare;  
The sun can't with its light compare;

This holy city ne'er requires  
The sun or moon's material fires;—  
Its light is God, and Christ the Lamb—  
The glory of the great I AM.  
There, in Jehovah's piercing sight,  
Shall none appear but sons of light;—  
None but the souls that overcome,  
Can in this city find a home.  
No fearful unbelievers there,  
Nor hateful murderers appear;—  
No lovers of the scarlet whore, 23  
Nor those who idols still adore:  
No sorcerer in heaven is seen;  
Nor son of fraud, nor aught unclean.  
All clothed in holiness appear,  
Who to the throne of God draw near,  
And in those heavenly mansions reign  
With Jesus Christ—a glorious train!  
Each is beheld upon a throne,  
And each a milk-white vest has on;—  
Like priests at sacrifice, they pay  
To God their homage, night and day.  
They all, with waving palms in hand,  
Like victors, in a triumph stand;  
Who have, in conflict, fierce and rude,  
The world, the flesh, and hell subdu'd.  
Nor Solomon,—nor even the rose,—  
*Was ever deck'd like one of those;—*

**The plainest clad—the meanest there,  
Does a more splendid vesture wear.**

**In sweetest harmony they walk,  
And of redeeming mercy talk ;—  
While wandering by the living stream,  
Its praises are their constant theme.  
Then, fill'd with love, they come again,  
To worship Christ, with all his train,  
And ready on his table find  
A banquet for their use design'd.  
No Persian monarch ever knew,  
Nor could at his collation view  
Such costly cates, and noble cheer,  
As at the Saviour's board appear.  
No eye has seen, no ear has heard,  
No mind conceiv'd the joys prepar'd  
For those who enter into rest,  
And are with happy spirits blest.  
For at their Master's banquet sweet,  
The manna of his love they eat :  
The choicest liquors to the board,  
The sacred streams of life afford ;  
While youthful cherubs entertain  
With their sweet harps, the happy train ;  
Along with which, each seraph sings,  
With voice responsive to the strings.**

How sweet the notes from every tongue!  
And this the burden of their song:  
"All praise, all power, and glory be,  
For ever to the Sacred Three!"

There every want shall be supplied,  
And every wish be satisfied;  
While every ravish'd sense shall find  
Enjoyments of a proper kind.  
The eye shall see—nor yet be cloy'd,  
With sights that were not here enjoy'd;  
The ear shall listen to those sounds,  
With which the vault of heaven resounds;  
The mouth with manna shall be fill'd,  
And water, from life's fount distill'd.  
Each saint shall use his tongue to sing,  
And, from the grave, new trophies bring:  
The body, with the soul shall fly,  
Without fatigue, o'er all the sky:  
And all throughout, from head to heel,  
Like thought, no weight nor hind'rance feel.  
Such honour shall those members have,  
Which unto God due glory gave!  
For each shall, with its fellow, rise  
To share the bliss above the skies,  
And there outshine, in glory's blaze,  
The brightness of meridian rays.

Such is our hope—nor can it die,  
Until fulfill'd above the sky ;  
For those who seek such bliss to gain,  
The resurrection of the just attain.

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### THE MISERIES OF HELL.

COME, hear what Dives fain would tell  
To keep his brethren out of hell,  
Lest they with him should find their home,  
And to increase his torments come.—  
“When living, insolently proud,  
And ruling o’er a servile crowd,  
My will became my only law,  
Nor did I stand of God in awe.  
Myself I labour’d to deceive,  
And impious tenets would believe ;  
Such as, that mortals, when they die,  
May in the grave unquestioned lie.  
But now, that heaven to me is lost,  
I’ve found a judgment to my cost ;—  
I know religion to be true,  
And do in hell my follies rue.



O that I had believed in time,  
And wisely shunn'd a life of crime !  
But now my faith must be in vain,  
Since none can live on earth again :  
And such must be your case indeed,  
Unless a pious life you lead,—  
The truths of God in love embrace,  
And spend your time like heirs of grace.

“Of all that Moses did and taught,  
I never rightly read or thought ;  
Nor in the Prophets would I see,  
The rules that should have guided me.  
In pious ways I never trod,  
Nor sought to keep the laws of God ;  
But took in sin my chief delight,  
And kept religion out of sight :  
Hence Satan soon became my guide,  
And wholly turn'd my feet aside.  
While thus in error blindly led,  
And, like a beast, to virtue dead,  
My soul was utterly despised,  
And earthly things alone were prized.  
The name of God I took in vain,  
Without remorse, or conscious pain ;  
And others sometimes I have hired  
To swear for me as I required.

**My avarice widows would oppress,  
And oft the fatherless distress ;  
The reaper's wages would retain,  
When I had gathered in my grain ;  
For conscience I would not obey,  
Nor ever own my gracious day.**

**“ In purple and fine linen dress'd,  
And always feeding on the best  
That field or garden could supply,  
I still forgot the Lord on high.  
Fragments, that from my table went,  
To useless dogs were daily sent,  
While famine reign'd among the poor,  
And Laz'rus starv'd before my door.  
But now the turn to want is mine,  
While he enjoys a life divine ;  
Nor will he leave his bliss to bring,  
From yon refreshing water-spring,  
One drop to cool my parched tongue, 24  
Or cease a moment from his song.  
A deep and bottomless abyss  
My dismal dreary dungeon is ;  
And all its walls are raised so high,  
That none can o'er them hope to fly.  
With liquid fire it ever glows,  
And, like a boiling sea o'erflows ;—**

Moved by the breath of God, the tide  
With flaming sulphur rages wide;  
Once lighted, it must burn amain,  
Nor ever can be quench'd again.

“This penal fire is still the same,  
Though different in degrees of flame;—  
Some feel a fierce, or fainter fire,  
Just as their various crimes require.  
As burns the sun on Indian sands  
Much more than in the northern lands;  
So hell exerts a greater heat,  
To punish those whose crimes are great.  
Here, worms insatiate ever prey  
On conscious sinners, night and day;  
For here are worms that never die,  
But gnaw to all eternity.— 25  
The eye, with pain and horror, sees  
Unhappy ghosts, of all degrees—  
Those wretched souls, that ever weep  
In hell's unfathomable deep.  
The only sounds the ear can know,  
Are sounds of wailing and of woe;  
While death, to all entreaties dumb,  
To end their pains will never come.  
—The Deluge in a year retired;  
The flames of Sodom soon expired;

Seven years the Egyptian famine raged,  
But never are my pains assuaged:  
If, in a thousand years, or so,  
My woes should some cessation know,  
It would a little comfort give;  
But I in endless fire must live!—  
To bear such dismal pains is hard,  
But harder still to be debarr'd  
The Saviour's presence, and the joy,  
Which happy souls above employ.

“ Behold my pains—my deep distress—  
The woes that now my soul oppress !  
See the sad state I now am in,—  
Each hour tormented for my sin!  
And let me, brethren, you advise  
To turn from sin, and thus be wise;  
Lest, in the dreadful hour of death,  
These flames attend your parting breath.  
Unless you leave each evil way,  
And true religion's voice obey,  
The God of vengeance, as I know,  
Will not to you more mercy shew.  
And that you may not come to dwell  
With Dives in the flames of hell,  
Reflect, before it be too late,  
What torments Satan's slaves await.”

## END OF THE WORLD.

**S**OME seek in vain the time to know  
When fire shall burn the globe below,  
Since nothing can to us reveal  
What God determines to conceal.  
Fruitless the efforts of vain man,  
To do far more than angels can :—  
Why think to learn, by guess alone,  
What was to Christ, as man, unknown ?  
His twelve apostles once enquired,  
Before he from the earth retired ;  
“ Lord, shew us, ere thou dost ascend,  
The time this world shall have an end.”  
But he to them made this reply :  
“ It is not meet for you to pry  
Into the time, the day, the hour,  
Which God has kept in his own power.\*”  
This secret is to God alone,  
And to no other being known :—  
Be still prepar’d to meet your doom ;  
For no one knows when it shall come.

Elijah, as some say, foretold,  
This world six thousand years would hold ;

\* Acts i. 6, 7. .

And after that, in flaming fire,  
To be renew'd again, expire : 26  
—Two thousand ere the Law was spoke;—  
Two thousand under Moses' yoke;—  
As many shall since Christ be past;  
And then the end shall come at last.  
Its ages, as they say, are ~~three~~—  
The first from legal sanctions free;  
The next by Moses' law was bound;—  
The third is by the gospel crown'd.  
Two of them are already past;—  
The third, as yet, is seen to last;  
But how much longer, none can say,  
Until it wholly pass away.  
One thousand and six hundred years,  
And twenty more,\* as it appears,  
Of this are now elapsed:—then mind,  
There can't be much of it behind!  
The greatest doctors all agree,  
The last is shortest of the three;  
As God has promis'd it to make  
More short for his own people's sake. 27  
We find that, in John's sacred page,  
His days were term'd the latter age:—  
If so, when he his writings pend'd,  
It now must needs be near its end.

\* Originally written in the year 1620.

The end of all things was at hand,  
When Peter preach'd, we understand ;  
And if he spake the truth, 'tis clear,  
That it must now be very near.  
If, in *his* days, the apostle Paul,  
The time in which he wrote did call  
The last;—then who can doubt that we  
The latter days and moments see?  
This world, as Saint Augustine told,  
Is like a man that's lame and old,  
On crutches propp'd,—his body bent,  
And can't have many days unspent.

The signs are past, which Christ of old,  
So very punctually foretold ;  
Only that some among the Jews  
The holy Gospel still refuse.  
The apostles, and a countless train  
Of martyrs, have long since been slain,  
Who for their faith their lives laid down;  
And this to all the world is known,  
The holy city's wholly gone,  
And not a stone left on a stone;—  
Burnt is the temple, too, of God,  
And all the Jews dispers'd abroad,  
The gospel, on its milk-white horse,  
O'er all the world has gone its course;—

There's not a land beneath the sun  
To which it somehow has not run.  
False christs have here and there appear'd  
Throughout the world, as most have heard,  
Who, by the first deceiver's art,  
Made many from the truth depart.  
Wars have already been, 'tis plain,  
Between the Turks and Christian train;  
Nor does the talk of wars yet cease:—  
May God, to those he loves, give peace!  
Pale famine, and a dreadful dearth,  
Have almost overrun'd the earth;—  
A grievous pestilence of late  
Has ravaged almost every state. 28  
How oft have earthquakes through the world,  
The works of men to ruin hurl'd;  
When many a fort, and fenced town,  
Have, by the shock, been tumbled down!  
The sun has then withdrawn its light,  
The day been almost turn'd to night;  
The sea o'erleap'd its lofty mound,  
While many of mankind were drown'd.  
Lo! Antichrist long since is come,  
And roars, even now, aloud at Rome,  
And ceases not their blood to shed  
Who will not own him for their head.  
True charity is grown so cold,  
That friends are for a trifle sold;—



Fathers and sons destroy each other,  
And brother does not love his brother;  
Faith now on earth is hardly known,  
Since all her beauty's nearly gone;—  
In places, once for saints renown'd,  
There's scarce a Christian to be found!  
Where is the sign that is not past,  
Except the Jew's return at last?  
Then let us all be on our guard,  
And for the judgment be prepar'd.

The clouds already seem to move,  
That Christ may quit the realms above;  
He comes, whom guilty mortals dread,  
To doom the living and the dead!  
How watchful, then, should we appear,  
Since the important day is near!  
He says 'tis even at the door:—  
Oil in our lamps, then, let us pour!  
And since the time is not declared,  
Let us be always well prepared.  
Let each, without delay, begin,  
This day—this night—to leave his sin;  
For Christ like some uncertain guest,  
Will come when we expect him least.  
As showers of fire and sulphur came,  
And soon set Sodom in a flame;

**So shall the day, we call the last,  
Arrive when most are sleeping fast.  
Since none the time can safely say,  
Let us be watching night and day;  
And, like the prudent virgins, stand,  
Each with a lamp prepared in hand.**

**END OF THE FIRST BOOK.**



**THE**  
**VICAR OF LLANDOVERY.**

**BOOK II.**

### *Subject of the Second Book.*

The poems in this book relate to PRACTICAL PIETY, and are partly descriptive and partly hortatory. They are, in some measure, adapted to persons in every situation and condition of life; but particularly to those, whose influence and example ought to guide others "in the way of righteousness." In this view, the poems on Family Religion, Public Worship, and the Observation of the Lord's Day, demand particular attention.

**THE  
VICAR OF LLANDOVERY.**

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**BOOK II.**

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**YOUTH EXHORTED TO BE RELIGIOUS.**

**R**EMEMBER, in the bloom of youth,  
To serve the Lord thy God in truth;  
Thy great Creator now adore,  
Since days of grace may soon be o'er.  
Begin, ere thou dost older grow,  
Thy Saviour and thy God to know;  
His statutes keep, his word desire,  
And solid wisdom thus acquire.  
Thy vessel, whilst it yet is new,  
In faith's sweet liquor well imbue;  
So shall a choice perfume attend  
Thy virtuous life unto its end.  
Deep in thy youthful bosom place  
The seeds of every christian grace;

Lest worthless weeds should there be found,  
The produce of neglected ground.—  
As forward almonds early blow,  
Be it thy care such bloom to shew :  
The tree that flowers not in the spring,  
Will never fruit in autumn bring.


Beware of sin, while yet a child ;  
Nor by its touch be thou defil'd ;  
Vice to a second nature grows,  
And he who loves it, courts its woes.  
Sin owes to death a certain debt ;  
Its pleasures bring a long regret ;  
And if the first man suffer'd much,  
Because he did an apple touch,  
What punishment must they sustain,  
Who all their lives in sin remain ?  
Of days in childish folly spent,—  
Of all thy former sins, repent ;  
Look to the Saviour's death alone,  
And that shall for thy guilt atone.  
Until to-morrow, ne'er delay,  
Lest death should call thy soul away,  
And thou in hell receive thy doom,  
Where for repentance there's no room.  
The gift, when offer'd, don't disdain,  
For thou may'st ne'er be ask'd again ;

But strive a holy life to lead;—  
Seek grace to help in time of need,  
And wisely choose, thy life to spend  
In aiming at thy being's end.  
Learn thou, like Hannah's lovely boy,  
To hear the voice of God with joy;  
Or like Josiah, take delight  
To serve the Lord with all thy might.  
Like Timothy, the Scriptures mind;  
In them true riches thou shalt find;  
And while unto salvation wise,  
Thou shalt in virtue daily rise.  
Though God above thou canst not see,  
Yet in his word he talks with thee,  
And shews thee thence his sacred will,  
Which he enjoins thee to fulfil.  
Be careful, then, that will to do,  
And all that he commands pursue;  
Devote to him thy younger years,  
And he'll befriend when age appears:—  
To those who do his law regard,  
In keeping it, there's great reward.

More than a serpent pride detest;—  
Who soars too high shall be depress'd:  
Disgrace attends the haughty stride,  
And soon shall slip the foot of pride.



If, for this sin, the angels fell  
From heaven to the abyss of hell,  
Where shall the feeble worm be tost,  
That dares its own importance boast?  
Take not God's awful name in vain,  
Lest by his sword thou shouldst be slain;  
For he shall not be guiltless thought,  
Whose lips are stain'd with such a fault.  
In eating learn to shun excess;  
Shun too the sin of drunkenness,  
Which sinks a man, beyond dispute,  
Much lower than the meanest brute.  
If Esau was reproach'd of old,  
Who, for a mess, his birth-right sold,  
What keen reproaches must he hear,  
Who sells his soul for needless cheer?  
Observe with awe the Lord's own Day;  
Attend the House of God, and pray;  
The gospel hear,—all play forsake,—  
No idle day the Sabbath make.  
Be to thy parents honour paid;  
Console their years with needful aid:  
So shall thy days on earth increase,  
And bring thee plenty, crown'd with peace;  
Whereas the daughter, or the son,  
Who fails in this, shall be undone. 1  
Beware of theft,—of fraud take heed;—  
*No real gain can thence proceed:*



Whate'er a man through fraud obtains,  
Or by an unjust measure gains,  
In an old bag with holes is placed,  
And through its bottom runs to waste.  
So Ahab found the vineyard vain,  
Which he from Naboth sought to gain;  
He saw his error to his cost—  
His children slain—his kingdom lost!  
If none of Achan's race were left,  
Who only hid a single theft;  
Where shall those greedy charls be thrown,  
Who rob the poor of what they own?  
Sooner a camel, to and fro,  
May through a small-eyed needle go,  
Than misers, cruel and unkind,  
A place in God's own kingdom find.  
Beware of lying, whilst on earth;—  
The serpent gave to lying birth:  
Nothing but truth presume to tell;—  
Lies owe their origin to hell.  
If Ananias quickly died,  
Because he to the Spirit lied;  
Reflect upon his awful fate,  
And thoughts of lying ever hate.  
To all the world be strictly just;  
Be thou sincere in all thou dost;  
And let no harm by thee be done,  
In thought or deed to any one.

Each morning, as thou dost arise,  
Remember Him who made the skies;  
Nor to thy worldly cares attend,  
Ere thou hast sought in God a friend.  
There's no true comfort or success—  
No solid peace or happiness,  
Where various toils and cares abound,  
But no regard for God is found.  
When Daniel was at Court employ'd,  
And public confidence enjoy'd,  
He, in his closet, thrice a day,  
Fell down upon his knees to pray.  
And thus, as God his blessings shed,  
On youthful Joseph's favour'd head,  
He'll surely prosper thee and thine,  
While thou dost seek the aid divine.  
Whate'er thou dost—or good, or ill;  
Where'er thou art, he sees thee still;  
For all things naked to him lie,—  
Quite open to his piercing eye:  
And since thou never canst be sure,  
Thy life shall through the day endure,  
As guiltless always be it pass'd,  
As if it were to be thy last.—  
Christ will on none the crown bestow,  
Who has not fought, and foil'd the foe;  
None, ere they run, the prize obtain,  
*Nor ere they serve, their wages gain.*

So heirs of glory first fulfil,  
On earth their heavenly Father's will.  
'Tis vain to call the Saviour Lord,  
Unless with this our life accord;  
For none but those who Christians live,  
Will God, through Him, to heaven receive.  
Thus thou hast heard the humble song  
Of a poor swain, who much did long,  
By any proper means to keep  
From hell's abyss his heedless sheep.  
By this he would each soul advise,  
That looks for bliss above the skies,  
To keep itself from evil pure,  
And make its own salvation sure.

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### OBLIGATIONS AND INDUCEMENTS TO A HOLY LIFE.

**S**AY, child of Adam, wherefore wast thou made,  
And God's own image in thy soul display'd?  
Say, why does Heaven thy being still preserve,  
If not the Lord thy God to know and serve?  
Does not thy reason teach thee to adore,  
The hand that made thee, and its aid implore?

While Providence secures thy daily bread—  
While by its care thy wandering steps are led,—  
What grateful thoughts should in thy breast abound  
For all the various blessings thou hast found !  
If Jesus bought thee with his precious blood,  
He sought to make thy life and temper good ;  
And so to set thy heart on things above,  
That nought terrestrial might divert thy love.  
When at the font thou didst receive his name,  
He thy Redeemer and thy Lord became ;  
And shouldst thou from his righteous precepts stray,  
Apostacy must mark thy devious way.  
Since every creature in the earth and seas,  
Sprang into being first, as God did please,  
All must to him their prompt obedience shew ;  
—And surely man, as Lord of all below.—  
The earth and water, air and heavenly train,  
With every reptile crawling on the plain ;  
Birds—fishes—beasts of every kind, agree  
To praise their Maker, each in its degree.  
Among the creatures, both the wild and tame,  
The gentle, and the beasts of savage name,—  
All duly answer their appointed end,  
While man alone will not to this attend :  
And yet on him much stronger is the tie,  
Than on aught else that lives beneath the sky !  
Then if he will not, with obedient mind,  
*Attempt the path of happiness to find,*

He must, to suffer with the tempter go,  
And dwell for ever in the realms of woe.

Be wise, then, and in early life begin,  
Without delay to break off every sin:  
Present thyself to God an offering meet,  
And with thy heart the sacrifice complete;  
For God, with inward truth, must be address'd  
By humble souls, who would in him be blest.  
He'll give thee honour, and sufficient wealth,  
Safe exaltation, length of days, and health;—  
Peace, and prosperity of every kind,  
May those who walk with God expect to find.  
Enoch, because he truly serv'd the Lord,  
Left earth with honour, and to heaven he soar'd:  
He enter'd not the gloomy grave beneath,  
Nor had to struggle with the arm of death.  
Noah the advantage of religion found,  
When not the meanest of his house was drown'd;  
But each was safely from the deluge kept,  
While wicked men were all to ruin swept.  
Abraham, because he serv'd the Lord alone,  
Shared in his favour, and enjoy'd a son;  
With wealth and honour he was largely blest,  
And all the lands the Canaanites possess'd.  
Isaac, who on religion kept his hold,  
In corn was even blest an hundred fold\*:

\* Gen. xxvi. 12.

Such vast return <sup>2</sup> did his devotion yield,  
Who mused each evening as he walk'd the field!  
Joseph, because the Deity he praised,  
Was from a dark and dismal dungeon raised;—  
Refused unlawful pleasures to embrace,  
And Lord became of Egypt's ancient race.  
See old Elijah, by the brook preserv'd,—  
With bread and flesh by greedy ravens serv'd!  
His work is done;—the angels now prepare  
A fiery car, and bear him through the air.  
The three young captives, through their heavenly Sire,  
Were seen to walk unhurt amidst the fire;  
And he, who thrice a day his Maker serv'd,  
Was, in the lions' den, from harm preserv'd.—  
Did ever man to God due homage give,  
And not a full reward from him receive?  
He is the best of Masters to obey,  
And will the best and surest wages pay.

Who would not, then, so kind a Lord regard,  
Who gives his servants such a large reward?—  
They claim no merit in the work they've done;  
Yet he rewards them through his grace alone!  
Theirs is the privilege to dwell at ease,  
Content to be and do what God shall please;  
While he their labour condescends to bless,  
And crowns their humble wishes with success.

But those who flee from God, can nothing save ;  
And must, through life, be cheated to the grave.  
They quit the world with sorrow and with shame,  
And leave it naked as to it they came.—  
Warn'd by their fate, let each be truly wise,  
Whilst yet the time of grace before him lies ;  
For each his folly may too late repent,  
Should life in indolence and sin be spent.  
—Thou Prince and Saviour, who dost ever live,  
Thy pardoning grace, and penitence to give ;  
By thee may I through life be safely led,  
And find a place among the pious dead!

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### ON REPENTANCE.

**F**ROM faith in Christ Repentance springs,  
And in its train devotion brings,  
With every grace, and all the good  
That Jesus purchased with his blood.  
Through Him the spirit hopes to gain  
Release from all its guilt and pain ;  
To him the trembling sinner flies,  
And thus to God for mercy cries :—  
“ O'erwhelm'd with guilt, I now draw near  
—A suppliant at thy feet appear ;—



To heaven I dare not lift mine eye,  
But in the dust would prostrate lie.  
My suit for mercy, Lord, I make,  
Not for my own, but Jesus' sake;  
For if I do not pardon gain,  
By virtue of his dying pain,  
I must the weight of vengeance know  
In regions of eternal woe!  
But, for his passion's sake, forgive,  
And bid me through thy mercy live;  
My Jesus gave himself for me—  
In him the full atonement see!"

Manasseh thus his pardon gained,  
And from his former sins abstained;  
And thus the royal prophet too,  
Whose faults were neither small nor few,  
Was from the guilt of sin set free,  
And sovereign mercy call'd to see.  
Thus Magdalene, who once had been  
Her country's shame in ways obscene;  
When once of grace she felt her need,  
Was from the bonds of Satan free'd.  
Thus he, who all his substance spent,  
Through grace to seek his Father went;  
And though he long the fool had play'd,  
His father's will at length obey'd.

But O, what thoughts possess the mind,  
When souls like these repentance find !  
To them not strange if earth should ope,  
And swallow them, like Dathan, up.  
They wonder they should breathe the air  
Free from the horrors of despair ;  
Or that to Hell they were not thrown,  
Where guilty souls in prison groan.  
They view their sins in number more  
Than are the sands upon the shore ;  
But God's free mercy, deep and wide  
As ocean's far extending tide !  
Such is the comfort we receive,  
Where nothing else can comfort give ;  
And thus, where sin maintain'd its throne,  
Free grace in Christ shall reign alone.


The Sabbath, once profanely spent  
In riot and vain merriment,  
No longer pass'd in such a way,  
Is now a blest and hallow'd day ;  
While heavenly things, though once despised,  
Are now for their own value prized !  
He who could drink, carouse, and joke,  
And all the day tobacco smoke,  
Now learns his time with God to spend,  
Preparing for his latter end !

Thus, where repentance is complete,  
Are fruits for such repentance meet;—  
The light that shines through misty gray,  
Grows brighter still to perfect day.

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### ON PRAYER.

**T**HE breath of Prayer begins a prosperous day,  
And pure devotion drives our cares away;  
'Tis found of sovereign use in every clime,  
Nor has been proved a useless waste of time:  
Like incense, it perfumes the heavenly plain,  
And brings down blessings copious as the rain.  
The Saviour tells us, we should always pray,  
Nor faint beneath the trials of the way;  
And Paul requires, that men, in different lands,  
Should offer prayer with their uplifted hands.—  
Man is the temple the Almighty loves,  
And prayer the sacrifice he most approves;  
His altar is the humble, contrite heart,  
From which his presence never shall depart.  
Hence prayer,—in every state,—by night or day,  
To Heaven's high throne may wing its ready way;  
While those who ask receive, and never find  
*In vain the wishes of a lowly mind.*



Men must not call on gods of wood or stone,  
But on the Lord, through Jesus Christ alone.  
No saint, or angel, thy request can grant,  
Or give the smallest blessing thou dost want.  
Since none but God can our condition know,  
Or hear the prayers of those who dwell below,  
To him alone must our requests be made,  
That he may favour us with needful aid.  
Whom should we worship but the King of kings,  
Since men at once entreat a thousand things?  
And while such myriads for his favour seek,  
How various are the tongues in which they speak?  
The Virgin talks no English, I suppose ;  
No Welsh, as I presume, Saint Clement knows ;  
Neither does Agnes Irish understand ;—  
How then can these to help thee lend their hand ?  
—Christ is the only Mediator known,  
Whose merits can for our misdeeds atone ;—  
He pleads his merits in the court above,  
And these a righteous God to mercy move.—  
While some to Catharine, or Saint David fly,  
And some for help to Martin would apply,  
Look thou to Jesus, on his gracious throne ;—  
Nor other intercessors dare to own.

Seek not Jehovah in a formal way,  
But in the Spirit always strive to pray ;

For thy devotions are not pure and right,  
Unless the conscience and the heart unite.  
Should God to grant thee thy requests delay,  
'Tis that thou may'st with greater ardour pray;  
And often, where he does not answer soon,  
He gives a larger and a better boon.  
Seek first the glory of thy heavenly Sire—  
His kingdom and his righteousness desire;  
Seek next celestial happiness to gain,  
And all good things besides thou shalt obtain.  
Ask merely what the Scriptures do permit,  
And such things only as the Lord sees fit:  
Behold his Word!—a sure and certain guide;—  
Embrace the promise, and in it confide.  
Thus bear the Church, and all thy friends in mind,  
Nor let thy prayers be to thyself confin'd.—  
For Rulers pray, that men may live in peace,  
And that our wealth and virtue may increase:  
For Magistrates, who must the peace maintain,  
And evil deeds of lawless men restrain.  
Pray much for all who do the gospel preach,  
That they its wholesome truths may rightly teach.  
Pray for the poor, the needy, and the low,  
That God his favour unto such may show;  
May all their wants and sorrows soon relieve,  
And teach them by their industry to live.  
Think too of those who dwell in foreign lands,  
*Where Satan's throne in thickest darkness stands;*

And pray that light may pass from shore to shore,  
Till false religion shall be known no more.

Thus men, be their employment what it may,  
Should look to heaven, and without ceasing pray;  
For mental prayer will not retard their feet,  
But make their journey, or their labour sweet.  
So Moses, when he travell'd o'er the plain,—  
Christ on the road,—and Paul upon the main;—  
Each found it good to meditate and pray,  
Nor let the hours as useless pass away.  
But when for prayer thou wouldst prepare thy mind,  
Strive hard to leave all worldly thoughts behind;  
Be from each idle thought and wish averse,  
That thou may'st freely with thy God converse.  
Then, with repentance, and a heart sincere,  
In Jesus' name by humble faith draw near;  
And God, whose saving power is always nigh,  
Will no good thing, except in love, deny.

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### EMPLOYMENT OF OUR THOUGHTS.

**T**HE mind is found by nature base  
In each of Adam's fallen race;

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It thinks on nothing as it should,  
Until by grace 'tis render'd good.  
Pray, then, that God may grace impart,  
To fix the purpose of thy heart,—  
To guide the counsels of thy breast,  
That thou may'st think on what is best;  
For evil thoughts but go before,  
To tell that Satan's at the door!

Place thou thy mind, and fix thy love  
On things that are with God above;  
Let themes celestial crowd thy mind,  
That evil there no place may find.  
Think on those worlds where thou must dwell;—  
Devoutly think on heaven and hell:  
Reflect, that thy best treasure lies  
With Christ thy Saviour in the skies—  
A crown of joy,—the peace of God,  
An endless life,—a blest abode!  
Behold how soon the living go,  
Each in his turn, to lie below,—  
Of one poor shroud alone possess'd,  
Though here with ample fortunes bless'd!  
For Death, resistless in his course,  
Rides Jehu-like on his pale horse:  
Nor old, nor young, avoid his dart,  
*Which enters every mortal heart!*

His brandish'd shaft hangs o'er our heads,  
While, like a thief, he softly treads;  
No trumpet tells him on his way,  
But unawares he strikes his prey!—  
Reflect, that life is like a dream,  
Or like a bubble on the stream,  
Or glass, or china;—by one stroke,  
How soon it is to pieces broke!  
Just like a shade, it passes by;  
Or ships, that through the billows fly;—  
Alas! how soon the time is gone,  
Before our work be well begun!  
Think how this world lets all men go  
Quite naked to their house below,  
And underneath their feet breaks short,  
Like ice, when most they want support;  
While, ere the peaceful grave they find,  
Their wealth to others is consign'd!

Reflect, that thou art every hour  
Before the God of matchless power,  
Who all thy actions can descry  
With the mere glancing of his eye;  
And that each work, and word, and thought,  
Must soon be into judgment brought!  
O think how sin, on that dread day,  
Will on thy wounded conscience prey,



When thou before thy judge must give  
A strict account how ~~then~~ ~~didst~~ live!  
Think how the mighty ~~then~~ will fear,  
Who would not God or man revere,  
And beg the rocks, with piteous cry,  
To fall upon them from on high!  
Think how the righteous shall enjoy,  
Eternal bliss;—their sole employ;  
The great Redeemer's praise to tell,  
While wicked men cry out in hell!  
O! think on this, and thou'lt despise  
The world where death and danger lies,  
And on thy God in Christ depend  
For bliss that never knows an end.

The mind of man still dwells upon  
The good or evil he has done;  
And if it be not fed with good,  
It soon is fill'd with other food.  
'Tis easy to put out a fire,  
Before the flames on high aspire;  
But if they should the roof attain,  
O'er all the house at once they reign!  
Let no bad thought possess thy breast,—  
As soon therein let Satan rest;  
For if it find a lodging there,  
Some sin will soon the fact declare.

## THE SPIRITUAL WARFARE.

**A**S soon as thou awakest from repose,  
Reflect that thou hast three insidious foes ;  
And that each one, as all the saints agree,  
Is even a thousand times too strong for thee,  
Unless thou canst those arms from Christ obtain,  
By which believing souls the victory gain.  
The Saviour, then, most earnestly entreat,  
That he may furnish thee with mail complete,  
And fill thee with true fortitude of mind,  
To chase thy foes, like chaff before the wind.

Upon thy head the Christian's helmet place,—  
That hope of heaven, which only springs from grace ;  
Through which, the powerful sovereign of the air  
Can neither wound, nor force thee to despair.  
Let righteousness thy shining breastplate be,  
Through which no deadly thrust can injure thee ;  
Let constant truth thy girded loins surround,  
Nor dare to use hypocrisy unsound.  
Thy sandals let the peaceful gospel find,  
And in sweet patience keep thy steady mind ;  
For through sharp trials, and a depth of woe,  
The conquering saint must to his Saviour go.  
Take faith's strong shield, the arrows to repel—  
Those deadly shafts, shot by the prince of hell.

A lively faith in Christ will stop the course  
Of flaming darts that come with deadly force.  
Take thou the Scripture's keen two-edged sword,  
For there's no falchion like the sacred word:  
Its temper'd blade, can with a single blow,  
Cut down, or cleave the fierce infernal foe.  
About thee always keep the arms of God,  
And thus provided, let thy path be trod,  
Lest thou without them shouldst perchance be found,  
And from the fiend receive a fatal wound!

When Satan finds the Christian off his guard,  
To take the advantage he is well prepar'd;—  
Applies his strength, and lays him on the ground,  
An easy victim to temptation found!  
Be therefore, like a soldier, still in arms,  
Prepar'd for onset, or for dire alarms,  
Lest thou shouldst in some hapless hour be foil'd,  
And of thy peace and happiness despoil'd.—  
Whene'er thou goest from thy room beware,  
And keep thy heart with vigilance and care;  
For Satan ever seeks to hook thee in,  
And tempt thee to commit some mortal sin.  
Great is his rage, but greater his deceit  
Than all his power, the Christian to defeat;  
While, like a prowling lion, every hour,  
*He seeks with care the soul he may devour!*

The serpent's cunning, and the dragon's ire,  
The lion's strength, the glaring tyger's fire ;  
The wolf's voraciousness, the fox's fraud,  
Belong to Satan when he roams abroad.  
Know, then, thy danger ; and with constant care,  
Preserve thy soul from every secret snare ;—  
With ceaseless pray'r the Saviour's aid entreat,  
And he will help thee Satan to defeat.

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### **OBSERVATION OF THE LORD'S DAY.**

**T**HY cares and labours, on the Sixth Day's eve,  
With ready mind, and prompt obedience, leave :  
Before the Sabbath comes, thy mind prepare,  
Its richest blessings and its joys to share.  
Rise when the cock first claps his fluttering wings,  
And fix thy thoughts on Christ and heavenly things :  
Cast thou each mean and worldly thought away,  
As quite unfit for that most sacred day,  
On which the Saviour from his tomb arose,  
And broke the power of man's destructive foes.  
Let both thy servants and thy cattle rest,  
And all thy household be for worship drest ;  
Because to labour, or to bear a load,  
To form a party, or to walk abroad ;—

To seek for pleasure, or go forth to play,  
Are all forbidden on this holy day.  
Works needful only are on Sundays good ;  
As when our beasts receive their proper food ;—  
When from a pit the fallen ox is gain'd ;  
Or when the rage of fire must be restrain'd ;—  
When sickness bids thee for the doctor send,  
Or when thy labour gains some righteous end.

With all thy household to the temple go,  
And due respect unto religion shew :  
Let them not loiter near the sacred dome,  
And thus be worse employ'd than when at home ;  
But let them to their seats at once repair,  
And thus be ready at the time of prayer.  
Let none amongst them hear the word in vain,  
But often try how much they can retain ;  
And that its fruits may in their lives appear,  
Exhort them all to practice what they hear.  
Teach them their sacred hours aright to spend,  
And in devotion God's own day to end ;  
For some, call'd Christians, make it to appear  
The worst they number through the passing year :  
There's not a day they spend so much amiss,  
Or make so useless and profane as this !—  
A day for drunkenness,—a day for sport ;  
—A day for riot and excess, too short ;—

A day when war, or mischief, most prevails;—  
Such is the Sabbath in most parts of Wales! 3  
—O God of vengeance! stay thy lifted hand,  
And spare,—in mercy spare, our guilty land!  
By thy good Spirit, make the simple wise,  
And from the brink of ruin bid them rise.

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**ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.**

**W**HEN going to Jehovah's own abode,  
Be well employ'd, while thou art on the road;  
Be much intent upon the great design,  
On which thou comest to the courts divine.  
Think why thou dost within God's house appear,  
If not to worship him with holy fear,—  
Confess thy sins,—his powerful grace implore,  
That thou may'st go in peace, and sin no more?  
By public worship dost thou not proclaim  
The glory of thy Maker's honour'd name,  
And praise him for his goodness unto thee,  
Where his devoted servants love to be?  
Thy business is the word of life to hear,  
Which makes our common faith and duty clear:  
It yields that food, on which the soul must live;  
For such, through preaching, will the Saviour give.

Go, then, the beauty of the Lord to see,  
And long within his sacred courts to be;  
With strong desires unto the temple go,  
As when for water longs the hunted roe.

But sanctify thyself,—thy mind prepare,— 4  
With reverence enter thou the house of prayer;  
For dust and ashes never should presume  
Before Jehovah without awe to come.  
Canst thou, than youthful Joseph, well do less,  
Who came to Pharaoh in a decent dress?  
He did before an *earthly* king appear,  
But thou dost to the King of heaven draw near!  
With prostrate heart, then, come before the Lord:  
Let thy behaviour with the place accord;  
And while in prayer, a gracious God believe,  
That what is good thou may'st from him receive.  
—Attend to all the service with delight,  
And let thy heart with God be wholly right;  
Thine eyes from roving diligently keep,  
Nor, during sermon, suffer them to sleep;  
But let thy memory, from the sacred word,  
With every wholesome truth be richly stor'd.  
The gospel is the power of God to save;  
And lead thy soul to bliss beyond the grave.  
Then, from its sound, turn not thy ears away,  
But hear the truth, and with due care obey.

Leave not thy pew until the priest has done,  
Nor let thy thoughts to worldly objects run;  
But strive, what thou hast heard, to keep with care,  
That each good seed, in time, some fruit may bear.

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### **CELEBRATION OF THE EUCHARIST.**

**L**ET each true Christian, who desires to know  
How to the Saviour's Table he should go,  
Its nature and design in memory bear,  
That he may always be accepted there;  
For more than the table of an earthly lord,  
Or than an eastern monarch's splendid board,  
Is that where faithful souls devoutly meet,  
To feast on dainties more than manna sweet.  
—With good intentions, and a heart sincere,  
Must welcome guests in holiness appear,  
Since judgment follows those who take their place  
Without due knowledge, and each christian grace.  
—With care the Hebrews search'd their dwellings round,  
That no old leaven might with them be found,  
When call'd the Paschal Sacrifice to taste,  
And eat of that mysterious food with haste:  
And when our Lord his sacred Feast ordain'd,  
Not less the care of cleansing then obtain'd.



He stood with water in the solemn scene,  
And wash'd the feet of his disciples clean  
—With his own hands he cleans'd each happy guest,  
Ere he receiv'd them to the sacred feast.  
Cleanse, then, thy hands from evil and deceit,  
And strive in sanctity to be complete:  
Remember how the devil—fatal guest!  
Came into Judas, and possess'd his breast,  
Because he took the consecrated bread  
While evil thoughts were lurking in his head;  
And if what happen'd once, again may be,  
Take heed that no such evil come to thee!  
Had those of Corinth kept such things in mind,  
They had not under dire diseases pined;  
Nor will the Lord with thee in judgment meet,  
If thou wilt judge thyself without deceit;  
And if thou dost in aught deficient live,  
His grace shall help thee, and thy sin forgive.

Then, first of all, a lively FAITH secure  
In Him who did the curse for man endure,  
And thus Himself, to make atonement gave,  
That by his sufferings he the world might save:  
Faith must that pardon, with its fruits, obtain,  
Which Christ for us did by his passion gain;  
By this each saint his righteousness receives,  
With every blessing he so freely gives.

Hence none in spirit can approach the Lord,  
Or eat his body at the blessed board,  
Unless of such a lively faith possess'd,  
As that which rules in each regenerate breast;  
For what can be to thoughtful minds more plain,  
Than that in heaven the Saviour must remain;  
And that no mortal can his body eat,  
But as our *means* provide our daily meat. 6  
Faith all must have their famish'd souls to feed,  
And at this banquet to supply their need;  
For this alone can elevate the heart,  
And in the Saviour's love secure a part.—  
REPENTANCE, next to faith, must be obtain'd,  
For every sin wherewith the soul is stain'd,  
With resolution to amend each day,  
And from all former sins to turn away.  
Love justice,—fair sobriety pursue,—  
Be cloth'd in purity and honour due;  
—A meek and quiet spirit entertain,  
Nor let vile passion sway the soul again.  
—The last thing needful, which is LOVE complete,  
Is most of all for Christ's own Supper meet:—  
Love is the banner, which his servants own,  
And are by this from Satan's children known;  
Or, as a shepherd, by their different coats,  
Discerns his sheep from rude and shaggy goats.—  
I'll will, or spite, to no man thou must bear,  
But let thy wrongs the judgment day declare;

And like the Master, let each humble guest,  
Who would partake of this celestial feast,  
Forgive injurious deeds, with ready mind,  
And be in charity with all mankind.—  
Some say, the adder, from her sapient breast,  
Before she drinks, does all her poison cast;  
And that the creature has been sometimes seen  
To leave it on the bank, or herbage green,  
Lest, after quenching, at the stream, her thirst,  
She should with her own venom swell and burst!  
Like her, be wise, and from thy bosom quite  
Cast out all envy, rage, and cruel spite;  
Or else, like furious beasts, such passions will,  
Without exception, their own keepers kill.  
But if those graces—faith, repentance, love,—  
Adorn thy soul, and lift thy thoughts above,  
Thou wilt to Jesus be a welcome guest,  
For such he calls to lean upon his breast.

Then, with believing mind, behold the bread,  
And see the wine into the chalice shed;  
And think on Him, whose hands, and feet, and side,  
For man's offence pour'd out the crimson tide!  
Receive those symbols, hallow'd from the board,  
And own the Saviour as thy only Lord;  
Accept his matchless love, his grace revere,  
And give thyself to him with heart sincere.

Reflect what Jesus did and felt for thee,  
Whilst for thy sins he hung upon the tree;  
Believe that he to save thy soul did bleed,  
And thou shalt eat his flesh, and drink his blood indeed.  
Then thou canst tell what good may hence arise,  
And in the Sacrament what profit lies,  
Since each believing soul through mercy lives,  
And pardon for the guilt of sin receives;—  
A pardon purchas'd with the Saviour's blood;  
And by thy own experience render'd good:  
Thence grace sufficient is to thee supplied,  
With comfort, health, and every gift beside:  
Christ gives his Spirit, with each grace divine;  
Nay, He himself, with all his gifts, is thine!  
Such are the blessings Jesus bids thee share—  
Such blessings as no language can declare!  
He will for ever with his charge remain,  
And cause thee with himself in life to reign.  
How art thou bound such goodness to applaud,  
And sing the praises of thy Saviour God!  
A holy life to thy best praises join,  
And let thy faith by works of virtue shine;  
For this is what the laws of Christ require,  
And this each faithful soul's sincere desire.

## CHARITY TO THE POOR.

**W**O to the Wealthy and the proud,  
Who hear a brother's cry,  
But pity's eyes in darkness shroud,  
And pass the suff'rer by!

Who turns from widows in distress,  
And lets the orphan pine,  
Can no sound piety possess,  
Nor in true virtue shine.

How dwells the love of God in those  
Who pass by human wo,  
And all their kind compassions close,  
Nor will the wretched know?

Christ makes his people stewards here,  
And leaves with them the poor,  
That they, like him, may kind appear  
To those who want endure.

Let Christians, therefore, while they may,  
To such as need do good, 7  
Since he who lives in wealth to-day,  
May know the want of food.

This will not make their means the less,  
 But may increase their store;  
 For God can all his servants bless,  
 And give them more and more.

Thus did the widow's meal remain,  
 On which Elijah fed;  
 While oil her household did sustain,  
 And sav'd them from the dead.

Then to the poor dispense thy bread,  
 And clothe them from the cold;  
 Let not the stranger want a bed,  
 Until thy goods be sold.

Be thou for eyes unto the blind,  
 And let the lame in thee  
 Behold a brother, always kind,—  
 A friend and father see.

### ON ACKNOWLEDGING THE DIVINE GOODNESS AT TABLE.

**H**OW oft, when looking to the God of grace,  
 A blush is seen upon the Christian's face,

As if to own a Benefactor's name  
Could e'er by men be justly thought a shame !  
But here to shame let each one bid adieu,  
The Saviour's bright example to pursue :  
Yea, rather, let us blush, if we should dine,  
And eat our food unhallowed, like the swine !  
— The ox those hands that give him fodder knows,  
The stupid ass to whom his food he owes,  
And makes him all the poor returns he can ;—  
There's nought ungrateful in the world but man.  
For many men, more stupid on the whole,  
Know not the gracious Shepherd of their soul,  
Who feeds them in his pastures green and gay,  
And loads them with his blessings every day.  
Do not the little birds their voices raise,  
And for their food their benefactor praise ?  
With tuneful notes they laud him all day long,  
And 'tis a bliss to listen to their song.  
With emulation fir'd, on every spray,  
They seem to strive throughout the live-long day,  
Which best shall praise the bounteous God above,  
Whose secret hand still feeds them in the grove.  
But men are much more thankless and more dull,  
Who, when the Lord has fed them to the full,  
Do in his praise remain like fishes mute,  
And more ungrateful than the meanest brute !  
Do not such thankless souls as these deserve  
*From God's own world to be cast out and starve,*

Since they will not their great Preserver know,  
Nor thankful hearts for all his favours show ?  
Let not the Christian ever study, then,  
To imitate so vile a set of men ;  
But bless, with holy hands and lifted eyes,  
The fountain whence his daily mercies rise.

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**FAMILY RELIGION.**

**A** FAMILY, when ordered well,  
Will in the fear of God excel,  
And all its members yield a light,  
Like stars, that gild the brow of night,  
To bless the country far and near,  
And teach mankind their course to steer.  
But this requires a Master wise,  
Who shall some proper plan devise,  
And walk himself in God's own way,  
While others own his wholesome sway.

Seek thou for servants to thy mind,  
Who are to piety inclined ;  
Nor let a wicked person be  
Retained in all thy family.



Then make a church of thy abode,  
That all may learn the will of God ;  
And thus like holy angels be,  
In serving Him while serving thee.

Each morn and night the Scriptures read,  
Of whose instructions all have need ;  
And let no day thy eyes may see,  
Without its pray'rs and praises be.  
Perform thyself the prophet's part, 8  
And on devotion set thy heart,  
That those who in thy house are found,  
May in the fear of God abound.  
Let each one to the room repair ;  
Then watch them with a father's care,  
That none be heedless, or supine,  
And trifle thus with things divine.



Let those who at thy table eat,  
First ask a blessing on their meat ;  
Nor ever quit the social board,  
Till nature's God has been ador'd ;  
Since they are even worse than swine,  
Who honour not the Power divine.

Let none be heard in vain discourse,  
*Or be allowed to swear and curse ;*

But all thy household firmly bind  
To bear their last account in mind,  
And use such language as may tend  
To answer always some good end.  
Let each one of his faults be told,  
Lest he corrupt thy healthy fold;  
And try to make him hate his crime,  
Or he'll transgress another time.

See that thy children all submit  
To thee and thine, as may be fit;  
And learn, from wisdom's sacred page,  
To be examples to the age.  
Watch o'er thy household day and night,  
That they may spend their time aright,  
Nor when they please retire to sleep,  
But always proper bed-time keep.

Like Enoch, humbly walk with God,  
And be the same,—at home,—abroad;  
—Thy own example always bright—  
“A burning and a shining light.”  
So will thy heavenly Father bless,  
And give thee peace and happiness;—  
The guardian of thy house remain,  
And all thy family sustain,

Religion brings her blessings home,  
Of this world, and the world to come :  
So large the promise of her gains—  
The sure reward of all thy pains !

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### TO THE HUSBANDMAN.

**E**RE thou thy hands upon the plough dost lay,  
First lift them up, and to thy Maker pray,  
That in their work he may thy servants bless,  
And crown thy labours with desired success.  
In vain to plough the largest fields you own,—  
In vain it is to harrow what you've sown ;  
If God withhold his blessing from the grain,  
The seed will rot beneath the furrow'd plain.  
'Tis He alone who makes the fruitful field  
Its full increase against the harvest yield :  
An hundred fold, or more, is sometimes given  
To those who place their confidence in Heaven.  
Whoe'er would from the earth its strength obtain,  
And reap large crops of fair and perfect grain,  
Must not on soils, or human art depend,  
But look to Him, who can the increase send,  
One yoke of oxen, if the Lord be there,  
*A greater produce may obtain, through prayer,*

Than can be had from many a labouring team  
Where prayer and praise are not the owner's theme.  
Then thus, O husbandman ! thy God adore,  
And with a perfect heart his aid implore,  
That he the labour of thy hands may bless,  
And give thee always plenty to possess :  
“ O thou, by whom the universe was made !  
Mankind's support, and never-failing aid,  
Who waterest the cultur'd soil with rain,  
And givest vegetation to the grain ;—  
In vain it is to plant, in vain to sow,  
If thou wilt not command the seed to grow ;  
For not a single corn will rush to birth,  
Of all that I've intrusted to the earth,  
If thou dost not enjoin the blade to spring,  
And the young shoot to full perfection bring.  
I therefore beg thy blessing on my lands,  
O Lord ! and on the labour of my hands,  
That I may thus upon thy goodness live,  
And my support—my maintenance receive.  
Open the windows of the skies, and pour  
Thy blessings on them in a genial shower ;  
My corn with earth's prolific fatness feed,  
And give increase to all my covered seed.  
Let not the skies like brass in fusion glow,  
Nor earth, with heat, as hard as iron grow ;  
Let not our pastures, and our meads of hay,  
For our supine neglect of thee decay ;

But give us timely rain, and sun-shine meet,  
A temperate season, and sufficient heat ;—  
Give us the former and the latter rains ; 9  
—Give peace and plenty to the British swains.  
Each deadly foe to fruitfulness restrain ;—  
The dew, that blights and tarnishes the grain,  
—The drought—the nipping winds—the lightning's glare,  
Which to the growing corn pernicious are.  
O let the year be with thy goodness crown'd,  
—Let it with all thy choicest gifts abound ;  
Let bleating flocks each fertile valley fill,  
And lowing herds adorn each rising hill.  
Give to mankind the food they daily need,  
And grass to beasts, that crop the flowery mead ;  
Give wine and oil to those who till the field,  
And let thy heritage abundance yield.  
Give us a harvest with profusion crown'd,  
Let every field and yard with corn abound ;  
Let herbs each garden, fruit each orchard fill,  
Let rocks their honey, kine their milk distill.  
Prosper our handy-work, thou gracious God !  
And take from us thy sin-avenging rod :  
O further our endeavours with success,  
And teach us all thy gracious name to bless."

## TO THE TRAVELLER.

**B**E mindful, ere thou quittest thy abode,  
To ask for God's protection on the road,  
That he may guard thee o'er the hill or plain,  
And safely bring thee to thy home again.  
His angel then thy footsteps shall attend,  
And from each mortal ill thy life defend,—  
Enable thee thy business to pursue,  
And kindly prosper all thou hast to do !  
So God an angel with Tobias sent,  
To be his friend through all the way he went ;  
Nor less propitious will he be to all,  
Who shall on him for needful succour call.  
From Abr'am's pious servant, learn to pray,  
And call on God whilst thou art on thy way,  
That he the purpose of thy soul may speed,  
And cause thy utmost wishes to succeed.  
But shouldst thou not before him bend thy knee,  
Who knows what evil may befall to thee ?  
Nor can'st thou hope with joy to see thy home,  
But rather disappointed back to come.

To those who must a distant journey make,  
Better is prayer than all the food they take ;  
For this will shield them from the lightning's glance,  
And keep them safely from each sad mischance.

Better is prayer to save thee from thy foe,  
When through a dangerous ambush thou must go,  
Than sword or pistol,<sup>10</sup> or the fleetest horse,—  
Than numerous troops, or any human force.  
Then thus thy God in fervent prayer adore,  
And on thy journey his strong aid implore,  
That he may send his angels to fulfil  
Thy heart's best wishes, and preserve thee still :

“ Thou gracious, ever-present friend !  
The great and mighty God,  
Who dost thy aid to trav'lers lend,  
And keep them on the road ;

'Tis thine to rule this earthly ball,  
And all things here direct,  
That no real evil may befall,  
Or injure thy elect.

Then bow thy ear to my request,  
My feeble life sustain ;  
And may I, in my journey blest,  
Behold my friends again.

Thy gracious wings extend abroad,  
And my protection be,  
That no rude danger on the road,  
*My peaceful eyes may see.*

Let not the fowler's fatal net,  
My heedless soul beguile ;  
And keep me, when with snares beset,  
From thoughts and actions vile.

Let virtue's charms inspire my breast ;  
Then make my duty plain ;  
And while in motion, or at rest,  
May I not live in vain.

Success to my affairs impart,  
And further each design ;  
Then help me, with a grateful heart,  
To shew that I am thine !"

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#### EXERCISE OF THE MIND IN SICKNESS.

**W**HEN sickness on thy mortal frame shall seize,  
Consider whence proceeded thy disease.  
It is not from the hills, nor vales below,  
Nor from the winds, whatever way they blow ;  
But agues,—fevers,—each disease that's known,—  
Comes from the gracious will of God alone.<sup>11</sup>  
The greatest monarch on this earthly ball,  
Could never make them subject to his call ;



Or drive the slightest of their train away,  
And, at his pleasure, ease and health convey;  
They come and go at God's supreme command,  
In judgment, or in mercy, through the land.

Each sickness is the consequence of sin,  
Where all our maladies and pains begin;—  
The punishment which each offender feels,  
Comes like the shadow dancing at his heels.  
Yet oft, in sickness, God his love imparts,  
And by affliction purifies our hearts.  
Then welcome thou his heralds with respect;—  
The child he loves, he must in love correct:  
With patience bear the chastisement of God;  
For none but foolish parents spare the rod.  
Submit to him, and he'll suspend the blow;  
Do thou repent, and he'll forgiveness show;  
With humble heart implore his heavenly grace,  
And in compassion he'll regard thy case.  
Search thou thy conscience with the utmost care,  
Nor overlook one sin recorded there;  
Then fervently for God's forgiveness sue,  
And seek for grace thy passions to subdue.  
If for thy sins thou shalt sincerely grieve,  
He will the errors of thy life forgive;  
And as thy heart shall turn to him in haste,  
Thou shalt no longer in thy sickness waste.

He, through his goodness, will afford thee ease;  
The fury of thy illness he'll appease;  
For he's the same in power and mercy still,  
And nothing can resist his sovereign will.

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**ON PATIENCE IN AFFLICTION.**

**'T**IS always with some kind design  
That each affliction's sent;  
Thus God the earthly would refine,  
And greater ills prevent.

By sickness he impels the heart  
His graces to desire;  
And thus refines the nobler part,  
While passing through the fire.

My present pain, although severe,  
Since sent by God in love,  
I would, with resignation bear,  
And raise my heart above.

What dire distempers might have seized  
On me at God's command;

And yet, with mildness, he is pleas'd  
To use a *father's* hand!

Had he chastised me like a foe,  
I must have been undone;  
But in the pains I undergo,  
He treats me as a son!

Such are the dealings of my God:  
With those he truly loves;—  
Each stroke of his correcting rod,  
The balm of mercy proves!

Through life, it is not always good  
To find an easy way,  
As honey is not proper food  
To serve us ev'ry day.

Disease is but a whip to scourge,  
And not to murder me;—  
A pruning-knife may serve to purge,  
But not cut down the tree.

How light the suff'rings I sustain,  
To those which some endur'd,  
Who now in realms of bliss remain,  
From further pain secur'd!

Lazarus—how pungent was his wo!  
What troubles Job oppress'd!  
What pains did Jesus undergo!—  
But now they all have rest.

Look up, my soul, direct thy eyes  
To God for heavenly grace;  
And thou shalt soon from suff'rings rise,  
And reach his heavenly place.

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FAITH TRIUMPHANT IN THE PROSPECT  
OF ETERNITY.

**W**HY fear, my soul, approaching death,  
Since Jesus is thy faithful friend?  
That moment, which demands thy breath,  
Will all thy pains and trials end.

Why shouldst thou fear to reach the coast,  
Where Christ in endless bliss resides,—  
Where thou shalt see that heavenly host  
O'er which the Saviour now presides?

I know that he's in mercy gone,  
And will for me prepare a place:—

Take, Lord, thy wand'ring member home,  
And quicken thou my loit'ring pace!

Defiance, Grave!—I raise my head;  
Nor will I live in ceaseless fear:  
My Lord has first prepar'd my bed;—  
How harmless does the grave appear!

See, O my soul, thy Saviour come!  
Thy guardian—thy protector see!  
See there thy pardon!—see thy home!  
See there the joys prepar'd for thee!

Look not at sin—avert thy head:  
Lo! for thy guilt another bleeds!  
The seat of judgment never dread,  
Since Christ for thy acquittal pleads.

Boldly the fiend's assaults despise,  
Since angels, night and day, attend  
To guard thee with their wakeful eyes,  
Until the hours of trial end.

The pains of Hell no longer mind,  
Since Jesus has the keys of fate,  
And must the souls of all mankind  
Admit through their appointed gate.

See there thy throne!—behold the crown,  
The branch of palm,—the white array,  
Which Jesus bought, and made thy own,  
Against thy coronation-day!

Prepare thy lyre, thy viol bring;  
Prepare thy hymns and sacred lays,  
That thou above may'st sweetly sing  
To thy exalted Saviour's praise.

Then for thy dissolution cry,  
And long to see thy heavenly spouse;  
To mount above the nether sky,  
Released from this vile prison-house,

To join with yon angelic train,  
Who range the smiling fields of bliss,  
Where Christ and all his servants reign,  
And care not for a world like this!

Free is their state from grief or pain,  
From sin and sorrow's least alloy;  
There death and sadness never reign,  
But everlasting bliss and joy.

But O! take proper heed to wear  
Thy gorgeous jewels on thy breast;

And thus before thy Lord appear  
In all thy bridal beauty drest.

Fill up thy lamp with oil, and light  
Thy candle to avoid surprise;  
Nor in soft slumber, all the night,  
Presume to close thy weary eyes.

Awake, and wait with sleepless eye,  
Until the royal bridegroom come;  
And when they raise the midnight cry,  
He'll take thee to thy lasting home.

Yes, yes, he comes!—I see him move!  
He comes in mercy,—and for me!  
Now I'm beneath his skirt of love;  
O! tell me—can this dying be?—

Into thy hand my soul I give,  
And soar with haste to worlds above;  
For there with thee I long to live,  
Since all my heaven is in thy love.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

**THE**  
**VICAR OF LLANDOVERY.**

**BOOK III.**



### *Subject of the Third Book.*

This book comprises such poems as more especially refer to **CHRISTIAN MORALS**, or the manners and behaviour of Christians, in relation to one another. If the end of morals be individual and social happiness, this part of the work may be highly serviceable to young persons, who are about to be exposed to the dangers and snares of life.---Should some of the following pieces be thought equally suited to the subject of the preceding book, it will, perhaps, be admitted, in reply, that the distinction between "religious" and "moral" is often made without precision; that as the Christian Religion enjoins morality, the latter is, in fact, a branch of the former; and that the difference, in all cases, is more nominal than real. Religion and morals being inseparably united, the prevailing piety, or religious strain of these poems, needs no apology; nor will a due regard to popular usage induce the reader to find fault with the place assigned them.

THE  
VICAR OF LLANDOVERY.

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BOOK III.

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THE VICAR'S ADVICE TO HIS SON SAMUEL.

**B**E it thy care, the God of truth  
To fear and honour in thy youth,  
That men throughout thy life may see  
The value of true piety.—  
With pleasure to thy studies go,  
And be not in thy learning slow;  
Yet I forbid thee not in play  
To spend some minutes every day.  
When languid, touch the harp's sweet string,  
Or tune thy voice a psalm to sing;  
'Twill oft a good amusement be,  
When thou art far from home and me\*.

\* At School, or College.

In cheerful frame thy spirits keep,  
Nor for thy mother fondly weep\* ;  
For God, abroad, will unto thee  
A father and a mother be.

Just at the dawn of day arise,  
When first the lark ascends the skies ;—  
The breath of morn is good for health,  
—A friend to learning, virtue, wealth.  
Put on thy clothes without delay,  
And dress but once for all the day :  
Yet let thy dress be neat and right,  
As is most pleasing to the sight.  
This done, dispose thy mind to pray,  
That God may keep thee through the day :  
—Before his throne in faith appear,  
And on thy bended knees draw near ;  
Nor dare to make the least request  
That is not in his fear express'd.  
Resign to him thy youthful heart,  
That he his favour may impart,  
And make thy zeal with ardour flame  
To glorify his holy name.  
For things most needful, first apply ;  
And no good thing will God deny.  
When pious Jacob, on his way,  
For food and clothes alone did pray,

\* Being dead.

He gave him what he ask'd, and more  
Than his best wishes could implore.  
When Solomon the throne posses'd,  
And for true wisdom made request,  
He gave him all that he desir'd,  
And more by far than he requir'd;  
Nor will the Lord less gracious be,  
But cast an eye of love on thee,—  
On thy pursuits his blessing pour,  
And give thee wisdom every hour.  
Thus may my son in all things be,  
A pattern of true piety,  
And seek to spend his youthful days  
In living to his Maker's praise!

---

#### ON THE CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

**W**HO seeks a moral life to lead,  
As virtue doth require,  
Must from the haunts of vice recede,  
And to himself retire;—

No more with evil men consort,  
Or seek their love to gain;

As Moses left a wicked court,  
And Lot the burning plain.

Let thy companions be the wise,  
Who virtuous deeds pursue,  
And seek their bliss above the skies,  
With care and ardour due.

A wise man will enlighten thee,  
And reason shall bear rule ;  
But others will thy ruin be,  
And leave thee but a fool !

While Saul the prophets' steps pursu'd,  
He seem'd another man ;  
But old acquaintance, when renew'd,  
His sure disgrace began.

When Demas chose the present world,  
Because he lov'd its gain,  
His wretched soul, to ruin hurl'd,  
Became the heir of pain.

Art thou a Christian?—wisely choose  
The path thy Saviour went ;—  
That none the way of bliss might lose,  
Was his example lent.

With those who follow Him unite,  
And be in spirit one ;  
For such to peace and joy invite,  
And help each other on.

Their course, at first, may painful be ;  
But ere their toils are past,  
Their eyes the fruits of virtue see,—  
Their joys for ever last!

---

### ON COURTSHIP.

**W**OULDST thou submit to wedlock's hands,  
And bind thyself with cheerful hands ?  
Let pray'r to Heaven be duly made,  
Ere thy addresses shall be paid ;  
And let religion be thy guide,  
As thou wouldst find a worthy bride.

To know her kindred be thy care,  
Lest they should prove to thee a snare :  
And see that she whom thou wouldst court,  
Is virtuous, and of good report;—  
A Protestant, of blameless life,  
And suited thus to be thy wife ;

R

For 'tis a union but in name,  
Where principles are not the same. <sup>1</sup>  
By her deportment, let her be  
A friend to peace and charity ;  
Whose temper mild, and words but few,  
Expiring friendship may renew.  
Let her be knowing, virtuous, wise,  
Who can above her equals rise,—  
Thy comfort, and thy wealth advance,  
And make thy heart with pleasure dance.  
How cold and joyless must the love  
That suffers disappointment prove!  
How wretched is a man through life,  
That's tied to an unthrifty wife!

Of one deceitful, vain, beware;  
And of the indolent take care;—  
Nor to the haughty maid incline;  
—She'll prove a plague to thee and thine.  
Shun one too fair,—too warm,—too free,  
Or she'll a bosom-serpent be;  
For seldom does the lover find,  
That such possess a virtuous mind.  
—The damsel, though she's rich, refuse,  
Who will not care and prudence use;—  
Like smoke, or mists, that pass away,  
Her wealth will lessen every day.—

Should two be plac'd before thy eyes,  
 One merely rich,—the other wise;  
 Let thou the worthless fortune go,  
 A wise and prudent bride to know.  
 The wise one will increase her store,  
 And make thy comforts more and more;  
 She neither sloth nor wasting knows,  
 Nor spends the morning in repose.—  
 The foolish makes her husband sigh,  
 And bids his sleep take wing and fly;  
 Her ways the stoutest heart will vex,  
 And the most prudent man perplex.  
 She'll to a little much reduce,  
 And be the shame of all her house:  
 She's a dead weight, a bosom-pain,  
 A ceaseless drop, a shameful stain;—  
 A snake that stings, a yoke that galls;  
 —Wo to the wight to whom she falls!—  
 A wife with piety endow'd,  
 And virtue, is the gift of God;—  
 A gift which chiefly they obtain,  
 Who in his fear and love remain:  
 Such mostly meet with good success,  
 For Heaven will favour their address!

When thou hast made thy choice, submit  
 Thy wish to parents, as is fit;



This will secure their love to thee,  
And thou shalt thus more happy be.  
God unto them would have thee go,—  
Beg their advice,—their pleasure know;  
Yet they are not to force thy mind,  
Or lead thee where thou'rt not inclin'd.  
Still, duly weigh what they require,  
Nor rashly spurn at their desire;—  
With filial duty seek to please,  
And thou wilt gain thy wish with ease.  
Then may kind Heaven thy marriage bless,  
And crown thy life with happiness;  
Give peace, and health, and competence,  
Till God shall please to call thee hence.

---

#### DUTY OF CHILDREN TO THEIR PARENTS.

**R**ICH are the blessings they from God receive,  
Who in the bonds of filial duty live;  
Their wants and wishes will kind Heaven regard,  
And happy days shall be their sure reward.\*  
Then keep the path of duty in thy view,  
And to thy parents render homage due;  
For when no evil they of thee require,  
*'Tis always best to act as they desire.*

\* Eph. vi. 2.

Their precepts, wise and good, do thou receive,  
And never once their fondest hopes deceive.  
If sick, or lame, or sometimes mov'd to ire,  
Pity an aged mother, or a sire;  
And if impatient, or to dotage gone,  
Bear with their frailties as a duteous son.

Should their declining years thy succour need,  
Let no compulsive means their hunger feed;  
But as their hands thy helpless childhood fed,  
In kind return do thou afford them bread.  
How shameful, when the sons of men can be  
Less dutiful than fishes of the sea;  
Or more unkind than tenants of the air,  
Who to their parents help sometimes repair!  
Observe what lessons here the Dolphins give,  
Who guard their aged parents while they live,<sup>2</sup>  
Lest, sick and helpless, they should be o'erpower'd,  
And by the jaws of other fish devour'd!  
The Stork its feeble parent kindly feeds,<sup>3</sup>  
Prepares her nest and fetches what she needs;  
Its strong affection warmth and succour brings,  
Till life expires beneath its fostering wings!

Thy father is thy *father* still, and he  
To his own offspring near and dear should be.  
When a weak infant, thou couldst hardly move,  
What then sustain'd thee but a *mother's* love?

Thy parents gave thee food, and warm array,  
And thine it is their kindness to repay.\*  
But shouldst thou use them ill when they are old,  
Heaven will such conduct in abhorrence hold;  
And the same treatment thou to them shalt give,  
Will be return'd to thee, if thou shouldst live.†  
Lest thou shouldst gain the curse of God take heed,  
For see how it still cleaves to Canaan's seed!  
It yet remains upon that sooty race,  
And may be read in every Negro's face;—  
In their dark skins it still deep rooted lies,  
Because their father did his sire despise:  
For this the stain upon that people came, 4  
And *Blacks* must still be their peculiar name.  
Thy parents, therefore, never dare to slight,  
Or with unkindness all their care requite;  
Their evil rather with good-will repay,  
And for their pardon never cease to pray.  
Thus shall the promise be made good to thee,  
And peace on earth thy favour'd eyes shall see;  
God will preserve thee all thy happy days,  
And guide thy feet in wisdom's sacred ways.

\* 1 Tim. v. 4.      † Matt. vii. 2.

## DEPORTMENT BECOMING A CHRISTIAN.

**I**N every place to which thou dost resort,  
Be thy demeanour of a Christian sort;—  
To all obliging, affable, and right,  
As is becoming in a child of light.  
Be thou as harmless as the trembling dove,  
And as a gentle lamb in meekness prove.  
Be thou in all things, like the serpent, wise,  
And choose the path where truth and virtue lies.  
Then, like a candle in some spacious room,  
Thou wilt do good to all who near thee come;  
Or, like a star, that gilds the sable night,  
Thou shalt be view'd by all men with delight.

In thine apparel study to be neat;  
Make choice of what is useful and complete:  
Thus dress'd according to thy station go,  
And neither be a sloven nor a beau.—  
Since conscience is not easy to appease,  
Transgress not thou thy company to please;  
For sin and death are always close allies,  
And make the soul a certain sacrifice.  
Pass by the follies of the flippant tongue,  
And, rather than be angry, suffer long:  
Be always calm, nor give to passion way,  
For those who keep their temper win the day.

Boast not thy talents, or what else is thine,  
But rather choose to make thy virtues shine;  
In works of usefulness do thou increase,  
And live with all men in the bonds of peace.  
While to thy neighbours thou dost kind appear,  
Be to thy promise steady and sincere;—  
In all thy dealings, open, just, and fair,  
That nought unworthy be discover'd there.  
Thy secret actions always naked lie  
To Him who views them with unerring eye,  
And will to men, in open day reveal  
What guilty minds most gladly would conceal.

If from the plague thou wouldst in earnest run,  
With equal care bad conversation shun;  
For as fresh water by the salt is spoil'd,  
The best of morals may be soon defil'd :  
When once the river mingles with the main,  
Its water never can be sweet again.—  
The great Redeemer for thy pattern take,  
And Him in all things thy example make ;  
For all that's perfect may in him be found, 5  
While his disciples tread the surest ground :  
True pleasures they, and they alone obtain;—  
For them “ to live is Christ—to die is gain.”

## ON TEMPERANCE.

**D**RINK not too much, if thou art wise,  
For little will thy *need* suffice;  
And know that wine is stronger found,  
Than those who are for strength renown'd.  
This was the cause of Noah's shame,  
And kindled Lot's unhallow'd flame;  
'Twas wine Benhadad did subdue,  
And may a weaker man undo.

Let not thy table be a snare,  
But always take especial care,  
Lest thou shouldst once from virtue stray,  
And for thy ruin pave the way.  
With thankful heart from God receive  
Such daily food as he may give;  
And think how some contented were  
With bread and water for their fare!  
Beans, and a common sort of peas,  
Did Daniel and his fellows please:  
The prophets' sons were also fed  
On homely food, and barley bread.  
Behold the Son of God, content  
To dine with Abr'am, near his tent,  
On what was only common food,  
Though well prepar'd, and truly good.

But few with us are satisfied  
To have a table well supplied,  
Unless on several cates they dine,  
With pastry, and the choicest wine.  
Not so our Alfred, call'd the Great,—  
How plain the food that he did eat!  
Yet he was wise, when coarse his fare,  
And few with Alfred could compare.  
The elder Cyrus often took  
His luncheon near some purling brook,  
Whence he the cooling draught might take,  
And where his host their thirst could slake.  
Thus these to greatness quickly rose,  
Became the envy of their foes,  
And plac'd the honours of their name  
On pedestals of lasting fame.

Through luxury the Romans fell,  
And many now their houses sell;  
They spend what others strove to save,  
And haste to an untimely grave!  
But temperance will promote thy health,  
And can't be deem'd a foe to wealth:  
The heart when pure, the head when cool,  
May profit much in wisdom's school;  
And thou shalt prosper in thy day,  
If virtue mark thy steady way.

## GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.

**L**ET all thy words some useful import bear,  
And thus a wise and virtuous mind declare;  
Let them with grace, at all times, seasoned be,  
That they may edify in some degree.—  
Both life and death upon thy lips are hung;  
For such the power inherent in the tongue!  
Guard them from error;—and upon the whole,  
To keep thy lips, will be to keep thy soul.

In conversation imitate thy Lord,  
Who never spoke one rash or foolish word;  
But solid wisdom, join'd with sacred truth,  
Display'd at all times, from his early youth.  
Be slow to speak, but always swift to hear;  
For tongues loquacious much of error bear:  
Thy ears are twain, but single is thy tongue,  
And few are hurt by being silent long.  
Before thou speakest, think a little space;  
Then utter freely what is fraught with grace.  
The laws of truth and probity revere,  
Yet mention not in haste what thou may'st hear;—  
It can't be well thy knowledge to reveal,  
Where love and friendship would the truth conceal.  
Foul language always from thy heart despise,—  
*All sneers, and vaunts, and menaces, and lies;—*



All foolish jests, and drollery obscene,  
From which no good on earth was ever seen.  
Let not a needless oath thy mouth defile;  
For swearing is a practice rude and vile.  
Be modest always, and the truth maintain;  
For liars seldom can belief obtain.  
Take heed that thine be not a double tongue,  
Since all deceit from hell's dark regions sprung.  
Be duly cautious how thou dost commend;  
Yet speak of all around thee like a friend:  
Speak not of evil but for special use,  
Lest it become thy custom to traduce;  
And careful of thy neighbour's honour be,  
As thou wouldst have thy neighbour honour thee.

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#### MORAL IMPROVEMENT OF SOME HISTORICAL PASSAGES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

**F**ROM Adam's fall the use of caution learn,  
And through disguise the evil to discern;  
For when forbidden things we dare to touch,  
Our disobedience always costs too much.  
With such a warning standing in the way,  
*Who but a fool would Satan's voice obey?*

If Adam met with so severe a doom,  
When he to taste an apple did presume,  
What sore destruction must the rebel meet,  
That calls good evil, and the bitter sweet?

From all the ways of bloody Cain depart;—  
Who hates his brother, kills him in his heart!  
And, as the holy scriptures rightly teach,  
The hand of vengeance must the culprit reach:  
Hence, Abel's murder God himself reveal'd,  
Though by the veil of solitude conceal'd.  
—Thy life with Abel's innocence adorn,  
And pay thy vows to God both night and morn;  
Like him, to God's own altar oft repair,  
And offer there the sacrifice of prayer.  
Thus will kind Heaven thy services receive,  
And thou shalt in God's favour always live.

Walk thou, with Enoch, in Jehovah's ways;  
His footsteps trace, and spend thy happy days  
In serving him, who sits enthron'd on high,  
And gives his people mansions in the sky.  
How great the recompence to Enoch given,  
When, ere he died, he was remov'd to heaven!  
By this three glorious truths are render'd plain:  
First, That our bodies shall be rais'd again;  
Next, That the precious soul shall never die;  
And, lastly, That there are rewards on high.

Who, then, would not the will of God observe,  
And such a gracious master wish to serve?

However vile the world be all around,  
In thy Creator's sight be perfect found;  
Be not imposed on by the impious crew,  
But Noah's pattern all thy life pursue.  
Better his footsteps thou shouldst always trace,  
Than the vile maxims of the world embrace;  
His pious life was with salvation crown'd,  
While unbelieving multitudes were drown'd.  
If from the flood the giants could not run, 6  
How can the world a fiery deluge shun?  
Behold the figure, then, of Noah's ark,  
And flee for shelter to the sacred bark;—  
Thy humble faith salvation will secure,  
And grace received will make thy spirit pure.  
—How does the rainbow, which thy eyes survey,  
God's thoughts of mercy to the world display!  
Both ends to earth, without a shaft or string,  
Betoken peace with heaven's offended king.  
Yet think what means its ever changing hue:—  
The watery deluge is the azure blue;—  
Azure and red are its prevailing dies;  
—In fiery red the future judgment lies!  
O, then, beware of Satan's wily nets,  
*Since all thy ways, like Noah's, he besets!*

And though, while young, the patriarch was not caught,  
What guilt upon his hoary head was brought!

In such a place as Sodom never stay,  
But from its filthy converse haste away:  
Where drunkenness and fornication reign,  
'Tis much if righteous men escape the stain;  
Destructive vapours still attend the place, 7  
Where God destroy'd that vile and wretched race;  
To mark the odious nature of their crimes,  
Some say their stench remains to present times!  
—Though Lot in Sodom kept himself so well,  
Yet in the cave, through drunkenness, he fell:  
And thus, when to ourselves we safe appear,  
How oft is sin and lasting sorrow near!

When call'd to change the place of thy abode,  
First build an Altar to adore thy God:  
Believe his heavenly word, well tried and pure,  
Whose every jot must to the end endure;—  
With Abr'am, prompt obedience always yield,  
And God, thy great reward, will be thy shield.  
The pious fear of Isaac strive to gain,  
And thou shalt favour from mankind obtain;  
With him each cross and trial learn to bear,  
Till Heaven shall better things for thee prepare.  
If thou with Jacob's gentle voice art blest,  
The ways of Esau, from thy heart, detest;

Nor to thy belly be so great a slave  
'As he, who for a mess his birthright gave!

Be thou, like Moses, in thy temper mild;—  
Brave without rashness;—humble as a child.  
If thou a slave in Egypt wouldst not be,  
Thou must not fear to cross the foaming sea;  
But heedless of its waves that rudely roar,  
Press on to Canaan's fair and fertile shore.  
Ere God will see his faithful servants need,  
With flying fowls he will their hunger feed;  
Or send his hidden manna from the sky,—  
An ample, timely, rich, and sweet supply.

When thou with pain and sickness art oppress'd,  
Blaspheme not God, how much soe'er distress'd:  
With Job, thy patience silently display;—  
Jehovah gives, and also takes away.  
—Thy house, and its affairs, in order place,  
And to a better world direct thy face:  
Like Hezekiah, for thy end prepare,  
Gird up thy loins, and trim thy lamp with care;—  
Be thou, through life, as just and holy found,  
But in thy death with faith superior crown'd;  
For he the gospel's lustra never saw,  
Whilst thou hast both the gospel and the law.

## MORAL DUTIES INCUMBENT ON THE SICK.

**I**N times of sickness for the Doctor send,  
Since God by him does oft the sick befriend;  
For by the aid of thy physician's skill,  
He may the wishes of thy friends fulfil.  
Many a man has through perverseness died,  
As if to shorten his own days he tried;  
For he who does the healing art neglect,  
Is prov'd his own recovery to reject;—  
Not using what was meant his life to save,  
He sinks a suicide into his grave!  
Our bodies are the houses of the soul,  
Which we should try to keep both clean and whole;  
Yet do not thou alone on man rely,  
Lest thou, like Asa, shouldst be doom'd to die;  
For oft in vain have costly drugs been tried,  
Where men did not in God alone confide;  
Whereas some herb that's gather'd in the field,  
May perfect health and speedy succour yield;  
Nay, even the meanest plant that can be found,  
May be thy cure, if with his blessing crown'd.

To conjurers and wizards never fly, &  
Nor from thy own, to Ekron's god apply:  
Seek thou no charms thy anguish to allay,  
*Or by such means to drive thy pains away.*

All divination is a mere deceit,  
The ignorant and simple soul to cheat,—  
A snare the Devil did himself ordain,  
That he might some in his own power retain.  
They wrong their bodies, and their souls destroy,  
Renounce their Saviour, and celestial joy,  
Who, for such rank impostors, shun the light,  
And flee for succour to the arts of night.

Next to the Doctor, send without delay,  
For thy own Pastor, who may with thee pray, 9  
Since Christ his faithful servants did ordain,  
To strengthen such as thee in all their pain.  
And when he comes, does not thy *friend* appear?  
From him the voice of Jesus gladly hear:—  
He speaks as may with Scripture best agree,  
And if he should reprove, he'll also comfort thee.  
Permit him, then, to probe and lance thy sore,  
That he the oil and wine therein may pour;  
And if his word should harrow up thy mind,  
Repentance will the parts together bind.  
He may to thee some wholesome counsel give,  
Whence hope and comfort thou shalt soon receive;  
For by such feeling, kind, and timely aid,  
The fever of the mind is best allay'd.  
Then join with him God's favour to implore,  
That once again he may thy health restore;

Or if 'tis not his will to make thee whole,  
That he in mercy may receive thy soul.

If thou hast not already made thy will,  
Let not that duty be neglected still;  
But taking truth and justice for thy guide,  
As wisdom dictates, thy estate divide.  
If thou hast children, leave to them their share,  
And for thy widow's comfort duly care;  
Nor wholly pass thy poor relations by,  
But something to their maintenance apply.  
But if thou canst not thus thy wealth bestow,  
A Free-School in neglected Wales endow, 10  
Where youth in useful learning may improve,  
And reap the fruits of thy paternal love;  
Or now give alms, if thou art truly wise,  
And bid the wretched from his couch arise.  
We love the man whose fruits of grace appear,  
On faith's fair tree, while he continues here:  
And when he's call'd his last account to give,  
His name is bless'd, and shall in memory live.

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### **THE BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.**

**A**S hastes the sun to bring the close of day,  
Or ships at sea, that speed their watery way;



As onward still the trusty post-man hies,  
Or through the loom the weaver's shuttle flies;  
So mortals quickly reach their final home,  
And to the house prepar'd for all the living come!  
Such is the date of man,—so soon he's gone;  
For hope of long abiding there is none;—  
To-day alive, to-morrow in the tomb!—  
Such is the life of man, and such its doom!  
It breaks like ice, or like an arrow flies,  
Falls like a leaf, or like a floweret dies;  
It melts like wax, or like a flood it hastes;  
Scuds like a mist, or like a taper wastes;  
Nor can more trace of what is past be seen,  
Than of a snake that glides across the green!  
Does not our life just like a shadow pass,  
And quickly wither, like the new-mown grass?  
And since we dwell in tenements of clay,  
Exposed to ruin every passing day,  
The wise, to leave them, will in time prepare,  
Lest Death should seize them when they're not aware.  
Their business in the mart of life is done,  
Ere call'd to go where ages past have gone:  
Then, full of days, they seek the peaceful tomb,  
And quit this scene to make for others room.

## MEMENTO MORI.

**W**HERE'ER we go Death follows with his dart,  
And aims his blow directly at the heart;  
And though his coming we could always spy,  
None can avoid him—'tis in vain to fly.  
Although Asahel, swiftly as the roe,  
And Saul, with more than eagle's speed, could go;  
Yet they for Death could never run too fast,  
But both became his helpless prey at last.  
The Macedonian, once so known to fame,  
Whose arms the wide extended world o'ercame,  
Fell prostrate at the feet of conquering Death,  
Nor could defend his own departing breath.  
Death slew the victors of the East and West,  
Nor spared of Esculapius' sons the best;  
By him was Galen, with the rest destroy'd,  
Whose healing art was *once* in vain employ'd.

We come into the world one way alone,  
But by a thousand, mortals hence have gone.  
Death came to Abel while he walk'd abroad,  
And met with Rachel when upon the road;  
Belshazzar, joining with the festive train,  
While in his cups, was seized upon and slain.  
When Dives in his robes a figure made,  
Death came and took him in his vain parade;

And when the Fool had built his barns anew,  
Death came and all his splendid schemes o'erthrew !  
As fishers strike the salmon with their spear,  
So death assaults us when most free from fear ;  
He comes by night, with soft and silent tread,  
And strikes his victim while secure in bed :  
Then deadly pains about the vitals creep,  
As stole his foes on Samson in his sleep.

Light, then, thy lamp, the wedding garment wear ;  
For God's inspection thy account prepare ;—  
Each proper ornament with care put on,  
Ere thou art call'd to stand before his throne.  
Whether by day or night, by sea or land,  
In town or country,—always ready stand.  
Do all thy work while yet the day shall last,  
Accept of grace, ere yet the time be past :  
Gather thy manna with the rising sun,  
And let thy heaven be now on earth begun ;  
Unto the marriage feast make haste to go,  
And endless joy thy happy soul shall know.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

**THE**  
**VICAR OF LLANDOVERY.**

**BOOK IV.**

### *Subject of the Fourth Book.*

The various pieces which compose the fourth book, are confessedly MISCELLANEOUS; and yet this part of the work possesses a degree of unity, as it discovers the exercises of the christian mind, both in reference to the public welfare, and its own happiness in the divine favour. Here the Vicar is presented as the Jeremiah of Wales, lamenting national calamities, praying for their removal, and stirring up his countrymen to seek God by repentance and reformation.---The poem on the Great Plague that visited London in 1665, derives considerable interest from the tragical scenes it describes, and is not without value on account of its relation to an important event in our national history.

THE  
VICAR OF LLANDOVERY.

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BOOK IV.

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ON THE RAINY SEASON, SCARCITY, AND  
DISTRESS OF THE YEAR 1629.

**T**HOU Ruler of heaven, of earth and the main,  
Of wind and of weather, of tempests and rain!  
Give heed to our cry, and our mournful request,  
Who are by the storms and the season distressed.  
The winds and the waves, and the fast-falling show'rs,  
The stars in their courses, and heavenly pow'rs,  
Against us with fell animosity fight,  
And our great offences with famine requite!  
The billows roar wildly, the firmament low'rs,  
The clouds, heavy laden, oft burst into show'rs;  
And for the loose lives, which so long we have led,  
*Whole rivers of* we are pour'd down on our head.

The sun, which did cheer us with heat and with light,  
Now turns his pale orbit away from our sight,  
Refusing his wonted assistance to yield,  
Till half of our grain is destroy'd on the field.  
The moon, like a widow, her spouse who bewails,  
In clouds ev'ry night her wan countenance veils;  
Her tears, like our sins, in such plenty abound;  
Our labours and hopes in a deluge are drown'd.

Our corn the fierce tempest lays down as it grows,  
The prime of our harvest the wind overthrows;  
It sheds, and is rotten, or grows under feet,  
Against it the storms so outrageously beat;  
The whole is already just lost on the ground,—  
The rains still prevent us from having it bound!  
But O! be propitious, and second our toil  
With weather to gather it from the dank soil.  
—That part of the crop, which in mows has been set,  
Like straw on the dung-hill, is thoroughly wet;—  
It smokes, and it moulders, while hid from the sight;  
And must, to appearance, be ruin'd outright.  
What's brought to the barn is in no better case,  
But secretly heats, and ferments in the place;  
So lothesome and bad is our grain to the taste,  
The cattle refuse it, and leave it to waste!  
Lord, open thy eyes, and behold the sad sight,  
Survey with compassion our pitiful plight;—

The food of mankind is quite rotten become  
For want of fair weather to carry it home!  
And what shall we do for our seed-corn in spring?  
If so long we live, a supply who can bring?  
All round us complain of great scarceness and want;  
—Do thou, gracious God, a sufficiency grant!  
On the sheep of thy pasture have pity, O Lord,  
And take not the staff of our lives from the board.  
Command thou the sun to supply us with light,  
And cause the fair moon to be seen in the night;  
With seasonable weather the farmer befriend,  
And to thy displeasure put quickly an end.

But, O righteous Father! we freely confess,  
Our sins have brought on us this fearful distress,  
With all the foul weather, and judgments severe,  
Which punish the guilty so sorely this year.  
Though fed, as we've been, with the finest of wheat,  
Yet few to adore thee would stir from their seat,  
Or give thee due glory and thanks for their food,  
While still thy free goodness our footsteps pursu'd,  
The ox and the ass know by whom they are fed,  
The dog loves his master by whom he was bred;  
But men are ungrateful, and seem not to know,  
Their meat and their all to their Maker they owe!  
With manifold blessings thou feedest us all,  
As fatlings that eat in a plentiful stall;



Yet we neither lift up our eyes, nor conceive  
Whence all those rich favours we daily receive.  
Thy storms and thy tempests thou therefore didst send,  
By rain and bad weather our manners to mend,  
And force us, by feeling thy judgments, to know  
The source whence our comforts did constantly flow.  
Though great are the judgments that hang o'er our head,  
To punish the dissolute lives that we've led,  
We ne'er, since the Conquest, more harden'd could be,  
Or more indispos'd to return unto thee:  
For though the fierce storms, and the incessant rain,  
Have nearly destroy'd the best part of our grain,  
Yet still in the ale-house each sabbath we stay, <sup>1</sup>  
And spend in a riotous manner the day.  
When each should repent in the dust, on his face,  
And prostrate implore thy forgiveness and grace,  
We still, as a people, do sin but the more,  
Nor with due submission our Maker adore.  
Though many a vial upon us be shed,—  
Storms, or diseases, or scarceness of bread,—  
More harden'd and callous, like Pharaoh, we prove,  
Nor turn to our Father, though chasten'd in love.  
It is not so strange thou thy anger shouldst show,  
By doubling and trebling each terrible blow,  
As that thou in mercy shouldst so far excel,  
As not long ere now to have sent us to hell.  
*Forgive our transgressions, our spirits reclaim,  
And shew us thy gracious and merciful name;*

Like Nineveh, give us all grace to repent,  
And serve thee with pleasure and perfect consent.


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ON THE GREAT PLAGUE THAT VISITED  
LONDON IN THE YEAR 1665.

**M**OURN, Cambria! thoughtless Cambria, mourn!  
From all thy crimes repentant turn;  
Put sackcloth on,—proclaim a fast,—  
Cry out for grace,—and mend at last.  
—The queen of cities undergoes  
A thousand dire and heavy woes;—  
She feels the chastening hand of God, <sup>2</sup>  
Who smites her with an iron rod!  
The Plague her people has destroy'd,  
And made her boasted greatness void;  
They die in heaps, as many say,—  
Perhaps a thousand in a day!

In London, men of each degree  
The hand of Death uplifted see,  
And wait for the funereal dray  
To fetch their dead each closing day. <sup>3</sup>  
The husband sees his consort die;—  
*His children's* breathless corpses lie,

Till all his senses they offend;  
Yet none ~~come near~~ their aid to lend!  
The wife, too, sees her spouse depart,  
And offspring, that possess'd her heart;  
And though so awful is her case,  
She must not quit the fatal place! 4  
The father, with his baleful breath,  
Puts his own progeny to death;  
And, like a basilisk, deprives  
Those who approach him of their lives.  
The mother, with a kiss, destroys  
Her son, the prime of all her joys;  
Or, when she thinks not, taints his blood,  
While hanging at her breasts for food.  
The sickly child, against his will,  
Does his indulgent mother kill;  
And helpless orphans cry through need,  
While there is none their cry to heed,  
Or suck their mother's milkless breast,  
When she's already gone to rest! 5  
The few, who still survive the dead,  
Are just consum'd with grief and dread  
On seeing all that weight of woe  
The city's doom'd to undergo.—  
The plague within their houses stalks,  
And in the streets fell famine walks;  
They're not allow'd abroad to roam,  
Nor can they purchase food at home;—



They're not allow'd the dead to quit,  
And none their visits will admit!  
Thus thousands, of all hope bereft,  
By God and man seem wholly left;  
For no one dares his pity shew;  
Or try to mitigate their woe!

When any the infected spy,  
As from a dog that's mad, they fly;  
Hence such distress was never known  
In every quarter of the town.—  
The warehouses, though richly stock'd,  
Where crowds unnumber'd lately flock'd,  
Sell not enough, their trade's so dead,  
To give their famish'd shop-men bread. 6  
Each nice artificer complains,  
That after all his toil and pains,  
There's none his curious works to buy,  
And that through hunger he must die.  
Each inn, each house, each noble seat,  
Of lords and knights the late retreat,  
Now uninhabited remains,  
Or there contagion only reigns.  
Her clergymen's excessive grief  
Transcends the limits of belief,  
To see each church so empty now,  
Where hundreds did in worship bow.

All who were wont to ply the oar,  
Upon the Thames, or drudge ashore,—  
The boat-men,—porters,—all complain,  
They can't their bread by labour gain.  
The markets, where of late they bought  
All that the fields and gardens brought,  
Have neither flesh, nor meal, nor bread;  
For each supply from thence is fled,  
While nothing else can now be found  
But death and famine all around!  
Thus has the Lord at once brought down  
The pride and glory of the town!  
These are the fruits, and these the gains,—  
These are the wages sin obtains!

When first this pest, the scourge of God,  
O'er Germany in triumph trod,  
As France her vices did not shun,  
Her chastisement was soon begun;  
Nor could the English long escape,  
Since they did not the warning take;  
And if o'er them a gracious God  
No longer would suspend his rod,  
I fear that guilty Wales must feel  
The edge of his avenging steel.  
Our sins have reach'd unto the sky,  
And thence for speedy vengeance cry;—

There's no profession we can name  
That has not highly been to blame.  
Our Gentry, now so selfish grown,  
Seek no man's profit but their own :  
God's praise,—the good of human kind,—  
Or faith on earth, they never mind.  
Our Clergy sleep both night and day,  
And let their people go astray ;  
Or live in every kind of vice,  
Without reproof, or good advice.  
The Magistrates themselves forbear  
Against the lawless to declare,  
And leave each tyrant to oppress,  
While for the poor there's no redress.  
The Sheriffs, and their hungry train,  
On the fleeced populace distrain,  
And under veil of justice prey  
Upon their goods in open day.  
The wealthy seek to swallow down  
The little all the needy own,  
And, by oppression, drive the poor  
To beg their bread from door to door.  
The vulgar all find some pretence  
To do what's wrong, and God incense :  
Blind,—dull,—perverse,—to hell they run,  
Nor will, though warn'd, perdition shun.

Though now the Deity surveys,  
With passive looks, our devious ways,  
He is in justice bound to shed  
His vengeance on the sinner's head.  
Thou wast, O guilty Wales! of late  
Found in the balance short of weight,\*  
And must expect some fatal blow,  
If thou dost not submission shew.  
The plague, to thy transgressions due,  
Is prompt thy footsteps to pursue;—  
Even now it hovers o'er thy head,  
Suspended by a slender thread!  
In bales of goods, whose owner dies,  
Now in some London shop it lies,  
And down to Wales may come at last,  
When God's forbearance shall be past;  
And if he once should light the fire,  
What man alive can stop his ire!  
In vain 'twould be from this to run,  
Or seek the deadly pest to shun;—  
In every place thou still wouldst find  
The fleet pursuer close behind.  
In vain 'twould be thy gates to keep,—  
The plague would o'er thy ramparts creep;  
Nor pike, nor cannon, could defend  
Thy people from their direful end.

\* Alluding, perhaps, to the occasion of the preceding poem.

If once it should invade thy ground,  
Pale famine will besiege thee round,  
With sorrow, stern rebuke, and fear,—  
Ne'er did the plague alone appear!  
Adversity, and troubles fell,  
In ev'ry town and house will dwell,  
Sad moans be heard in all thy streets,  
And dread seize ev'ry soul one meets.  
Fraternal love will quit thy coast,  
And ev'ry social joy be lost;  
Nor nature, nor fraternity,  
Will, while it lasts, be found in thee.

Perhaps, when round the social hearth,  
Or in the tavern full of mirth;  
Or when a man is at some fair,  
The plague may take him unware.  
Then, like a beast, he's doom'd to lie,  
Until in dreadful pains he die,  
Without a servant or a friend,  
His latter moments to attend;  
Nor will the priest or doctor come,  
Lest they be summon'd to their home;—  
He's even shunn'd by all his kin,  
As if a traitor he had been;  
And when he's dead, no hand is near  
To shrowd, and place him on the bier;



He's unattended to the grave,  
And must a brute's interment have!  
This England has beheld of late,  
When London felt the frowns of fate,  
And may, O Wales! by thee be known,  
If due repentance be not shewn.

Mourn, then! O thoughtless Cambria, mourn!  
And from thy sins repentant turn :  
Like Nineveh, for mercy call,  
Or soon the impending blow will fall.  
An altar raise, like Jesse's son,\*  
And lay a contrite heart thereon ;  
Then God will stay the angel's hand,  
That's lifted to destroy the land.  
Like Magdalene, thy Saviour greet,  
And bathe with floods of tears his feet ;  
Then dry them with thy flowing hair,  
And he'll preserve thee from despair.  
Like Peter, in due time and place,  
Bemoan the sins of all thy race :  
A voice now warns thee to repent,  
Before the scourge to thee is sent.  
Arise, arise,—make no delay,  
But wholly cast thy sins away ;  
For mercy call, before thy doom ;—  
Perhaps to-morrow it may come!

\* 2 Sam. xxiv. 25.

But may God bless thee with his fear,  
And spare thee yet another year!

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**PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH OF GOD.**

**D**EFEND, O God, with thy almighty hand,  
The fair, the noble, and celestial vine,  
Which thou hast planted in each Christian land,  
A monument of power and love divine.

Let not the forest-bear this plant unroot,  
Or rudely from the stem its branches take;  
Let not the birds destroy its clust'ring fruit,  
Nor raging storms their wonted havoc make.

Be thou a wall of fire by night and day,  
Thy own plantation closely to surround;  
Still let thy eye the fav'rite spot survey,  
And bless and fructify the sacred ground.

Protect it from the guileful sons of pride,  
As sheep are guarded by the faithful swain,  
And still attend it, as the youth his bride,  
Nor let it bear its owner's name in vain.

Restrain the adverse winds, nor let them blow  
To wither, or to blast so choice a vine,  
But save it from the power of every foe,  
And bid the wondering world confess it thine.

Pour thou thy blessings daily on its head,  
And cause its lovely branches to extend  
From sea to sea, nor ever cease to spread,  
Until they reach the earth's remotest end.

O'erthrow the serpent's power, nor let him bear  
On high his hateful and malignant head ;  
Erect the Saviour's kingdom everywhere, 8  
And most triumphantly on Satan tread.

Slay thou the son of falsehood with thy breath,  
That foe to what thy word pronounces good ;  
And visit mystic Babylon with death,  
Who still would drink thy faithful servants' blood. 9

Throughout the world, O ! let thy gospel ride,  
That every clime its blessings may receive ;  
And let it conquer realms extending wide,  
Till all mankind shall look to Christ and live.

Extend, O Lord ! thy righteous reign around  
To every nation, and to every place ;—

To slaves and free-men let thy gifts abound,  
And make them all partakers of thy grace.

Thy tender mercies to the Jews display,—  
To them thy righteousness and truth explain;  
Take thou their callous unbelief away,  
And to thy fold admit them back again.

Bless ev'ry realm where thy great name is known,  
With peace, and truth, and christian love divine;  
That those who here thy ways devoutly own,  
May like the stars in thy own kingdom shine.

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**PRAYER FOR A TIME OF TROUBLE.**

**A**WAKE, awake, thou arm of my defence!  
Rebuke the raging sea, and draw me thence:  
Thou art almighty!—thy assistance give,—  
Relieve my troubled soul, and bid me live;  
Wipe off my tears,—destroy each fatal snare,  
—Support my mind, and blunt the edge of care;  
Behold my woes, my secret sighing hear,  
And in thy servant's time of need appear.  
Omnipotent, and only wise thou art,  
And, with a word, deliverance canst impart;—

Thou present aid in every sore distress!  
Look down in mercy, and afford redress.  
See, Saviour, how before thy gracious eyes,  
My shatter'd bark in dreadful danger lies!  
O calm the winds, and still the boisterous main,  
Or I must soon beneath its waves remain!  
Let not my keel be swallow'd in the sea;—  
Do thou my haven, thou my anchor be.

When Jonah did of old thy help implore,  
Thou mad'st the fish disgorge him on the shore;  
Thou didst the seer from certain death relieve,  
And canst thy servant in distress relieve.  
From Saul's strong net thou didst the Psalmist free,  
When through the desert he was forc'd to flee:—  
O save thou me from all this weight of wo,  
And from the power of each insulting foe!  
From Ahab's sword thou didst Elijah keep,  
And when he fled, afford him food and sleep;—  
O rescue me from all this mental pain,  
And with thy arm my sinking soul sustain!  
Thou didst, with gracious looks, and language mild,  
Treat the poor sire of the demoniac child;—  
Like pity, Lord, now condescend to shew,  
That I thy mercy and thy grace may know!  
Like her of Canaan, at thy feet I lie,  
And here I must be either heard or die:—

To me such mercy, O my God! impart,  
 Since faith, like her's, now actuates my heart.  
 Shew me some gracious token from above,  
 And let me taste the sweetness of thy love;  
 O let my wondering friends and neighbours see,  
 That in my trouble thou dost favour me.  
 Do not, O God! my trusting soul deceive;  
 For I in thee, and thee alone, believe:—  
 Bring me salvation from thy holy hill,  
 Since on thy name is my reliance still.  
 Come, Lord, to my assistance come with speed;  
 Come save thy servant in his time of need,  
 That I of thee in joyful strains may sing,  
 For the assistance thou wilt deign to bring.

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DELIVERANCE ACKNOWLEDGED.

NOW rise, my soul, to bless thy Maker's care,  
 And join his creatures in the earth and air;—  
 Unite with sun and moon, and stars of light,  
 To utter forth his praise by day and night.—  
 I sought his arm, almighty to redeem,  
 In deep distress, and anxious pain extreme,  
 When he, amidst the shining hosts on high,  
 Heard my petition and receiv'd my cry.—

The wily serpent laid his dangerous snares,  
And fatal gins, to catch me unawares;  
But God those snares and gins to pieces tore,  
And my sav'd soul from sure destruction bore.  
He sent his holy angels to unbind  
The bonds of Satan, and compose my mind;  
His balmy wings he kindly o'er me threw,  
And from the paths of death my feet withdrew.  
The Father heard the piteous moans I made;  
The Son for me, as Intercessor, pray'd;  
The Holy Spirit came to sooth my grief;  
And hence arose my sweet and sure relief.

Does every creature praise the eternal Mind,  
According to its nature and its kind,  
And shall not I, who now am wholly free,  
Remember always what he did for me?  
The beasts of prey encompass'd me around,  
And fiery serpents sought my soul to wound;  
Fierce wolves and tigers leap'd with savage joy,  
And would my frail and mortal part destroy;  
Men, who the same religion did profess,  
Rejoic'd to plunge a brother in distress; 10  
But God reveal'd the evil they design'd,  
And brought to naught the malice of their mind.  
Join, then, my powers, with every creature fair,  
In earth, in heaven, in sea, and spacious air,

Thy God and Saviour's lovely name to bless,  
Whose hand has sav'd me from my deep distress.

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**PRAYER ON GOING TO PUBLIC WORSHIP.**

**T**HOU God of mercy, whom we go to seek,  
Whose gracious hand bestows each needful boon,  
Now help us rightly to begin the week,—  
And satisfy our noblest wishes soon.

When to thy holy altar we draw near,  
And there assemble in thy awful sight,  
May each with humble, broken heart, appear,  
And grace obtain to worship thee aright.

Our cold affections with thy love inflame,  
Prepare our minds to hear thy sacred word;  
And while our lips shall magnify thy name,  
May each be more devoted to the Lord!

Let thy good Spirit teach us how to pray,  
With holy ardour and sincere desire,  
And then thy goodness, large and free, display,  
As thou shalt see our numerous wants require.



Incline our minds to hear the joyful sound,  
And to receive thy gospel as we ought,  
That each among thy servants may be found,  
Who both respect, and practice what is taught.

Do thou, O Lord, our faithful pastor bless, 11  
That he, with knowledge, grace, and power may preach;  
Instruct his people with desir'd success,  
As those of old employ'd by thee to teach.

Enlarge his mind,—a zeal sincere afford,—  
His soul with all thy gifts and graces fill,  
That he may properly divide thy word,  
And then dispense according to thy will.

Thus let thy people, from the shades of death,  
Be brought to light and comfort's sweet abode,  
And in those milder regions draw their breath,  
Exulting in the grace and love of God.

On thy assembl'd saints a blessing pour;—  
Create anew, and sanctify each heart,  
That they may know the happy day and hour,  
In which they chose and kept the better part.

## SOLILOQUY ON THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

**H**OW swiftly steals my life away!  
'Tis daily shorten'd by a day;  
And I am now to death more near,  
Than when the morning did appear.  
I would not therefore go to rest  
Till sin be purged from my breast;  
But would my soul in order put,  
Ere I presume my eyes to shut.  
Why should the gliding sun descend  
Upon my wrath, when men offend;  
Since easier with a bear to rest,  
Than with fierce anger in my breast?  
If God each night be not my friend,  
More danger must on me attend  
Than Daniel, who by wicked men  
Was cast into the lions' den.

The Scriptures tell me, that the fiend,  
Does day and night my steps attend,  
Like a fierce lion, every hour  
In search of whom he may devour!  
Who does the lion's rage restrain,  
But He, who for my sins was slain?  
His watchful eyes, that never sleep,  
From harm protect his helpless sheep.

Full many go in health to bed,  
Who in the morning are found dead,  
And ne'er shall wake until they come,  
At sound of trumpet, to their doom !  
I therefore would, each silent night,  
Reflect on what was wrong or right,  
Confess my sins, for pardon sue,  
And only what is right pursue.

How can I safely go to rest,  
With guilt still lying on my breast,  
Since, ere the morning light be near,  
I may before my God appear ?  
Whene'er I lay me down to sleep,  
My latter end in mind I'll keep,  
And have the grave before my eye,  
Where shortly I must go to lie ;  
When all things, for my shroud resign'd,  
Must be for ever left behind !  
And when the cock each morning crows,  
To wake me from the night's repose,  
Oft let me think, with pious dread,  
That there's a voice to wake the dead !

## THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF SICKNESS.

**T**HOU child of sorrow, know thy faithful friend,  
Who now reminds thee of thy latter end;—  
He treats thee with correction, just and mild,  
That he, by wholesome means, may save his child.  
—No wine unmix'd with lees was ever known;  
No grain entirely clean was ever sown;—  
Of men, but one without a fault has been,  
As gold without its dross is seldom seen.  
To drain thy dregs,—to set thy chaff apart,—  
Remove thy dross, and thus refine thy heart,  
It pleased God thy present pains to send,  
That he thy nobler part might thus amend.  
O! welcome, then, his kind, his gracious will;  
Say to each murmuring passion,—“Peace, be still!”  
Thy anguish bear with firm and patient mind,  
Since all is for thy lasting good design'd:—  
It makes thee cast each carnal thought aside,  
And spurn the world, with all its pomp and pride;—  
It makes thee strive each virtue to obtain,  
And God's lost image in thy soul regain.

Thy heavenly Father scourges thee in love,  
To make thee holy, as his saints above:—  
Without affliction thou wouldst be undone,  
And prove thyself a bastard,—not a son!

As cloth unbleach'd is not for whiteness prized,  
No christian's good, till he has been chastized.  
Frankincense will not smell before 'tis lit,  
Nor flints, before they're struck, the fire emit;—  
Grapes yield no wine till in the presses trod,  
And saints no fruit till they have felt the rod.  
Cloves will, when pounded, give a stronger scent;—  
The palm will grow the more for being bent;—  
Vines will, by cutting, more luxuriant rove;  
And saints, for their correction, better prove.  
—Thy sorrows only for a while endure,  
But may perform an everlasting cure.  
Take comfort,—elevate thy drooping heart,—  
And God may soon his powerful aid impart:  
Be full of faith,—thyself a man approve,  
Until thy pains, with thy disease, remove.  
Meanwhile, in thy affliction, be resign'd,  
And bear thy sickness with a patient mind.

Think on the weight and agony of wo,  
Which Jesus for thy sins did undergo;  
And since he bore for thee such doleful pain,  
Do thou a little in thy turn sustain.  
Reflect, that many of the saints above,  
Did oft their faith by greater sufferings prove;  
And if thou wouldst be number'd with the blest:  
Thou must a sufferer be, like all the rest.

—Abel was murder'd by his brother Cain,  
 Isaiah with a wooden saw was slain ; 12  
 Joseph was sold in Egypt for a slave,  
 Ere he was rais'd his father's house to save.  
 Saint Stephen by the Jews was stoned to death,  
 And James was by a sword deprived of breath.  
 Others were broil'd alive, 13 in dreadful pain,  
 Ere they the seats of heavenly bliss could gain !  
 Was not Saint Peter to a cross made fast, 14  
 And John into a boiling caldron cast ? 15  
 Some were devour'd by beasts, or flay'd alive,  
 Ere at their home the sufferers could arrive !  
 Mention a saint, who had to sojourn here,  
 Without his share of suffering, grief, and fear ;—  
 All are the heirs of trial and of pain,  
 And none, without their cross, the crown obtain.  
 Be, then, content to follow in the way,  
 That saints have gone to everlasting day :  
 Sweet pleasure soon shall spring from this thy pain,  
 And present loss shall bring eternal gain.

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#### DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS FOR A SICK PERSON.

**T**HOU source of health, and all that men require !  
 O hear my suit, and grant me my desire !

I ask not, gracious God, for length of days,  
But for a heart to celebrate thy praise;  
I fear to see the time of trial gone,  
Before the work of piety be done,  
And pray for sparing mercy to amend  
My course of life, before its solemn end.

Thou hast for man's relief in love design'd  
The various herbs, and drugs of every kind;  
Thy wisdom did their several powers ordain  
To heal his sickness, and relieve his pain;  
Then aid, O Saviour, my physician's skill,  
Nor let the means of cure be used to kill;  
But while I now employ the healing art,  
Thy blessing to the simple means impart.  
—How many were to perfect health restor'd,  
When thou in mercy didst but speak the word!  
Do thou the power of my disorder break,  
And heal me by the dose I soon must take.  
But if my dissolution be thy will,  
Thou hast a right thy pleasure to fulfil;  
And if I'm shortly to be call'd away,  
With due submission help me to obey;—  
To thy bless'd kingdom may I quickly fly,  
And ever live with thee, though now I die!

*Although I sometimes can sincerely pray,  
That thou wouldst take my lingering soul away,*

Yet I again am ~~like~~ the fearful dove,  
And say, "My Father, let this cup remove!"  
The keys of life and death are in thy hand,  
And men depart this life at thy command:  
Let not the king of terrors be my foe,  
But when he comes, prepar'd with him to go,  
May I enjoy that blest, that heavenly state,  
Where friendly angels for my coming wait.  
The fear of Death in my faint heart allay,  
And let thy blood wash all my sins away.  
I lay aside my works, renounce my pride,  
And in thy righteousness alone confide;  
O give me hopes that I the crown shall gain,  
And make me long thy plaudit to obtain.

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## PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

**O** THAT my spirit up to God were caught,  
To join that throng redeeming love has bought!  
Come, Holy Ghost! and let thy power begin,  
To cleanse my soul from all remaining sin:  
Array me in my Saviour's righteousness,—  
That spotless garment,—that fair wedding-dress!  
And I, in him, shall then prepared be,  
The world of glory and of bliss to see.



Around my bed place some celestial host,  
Lest Satan should his own advantage boast;—  
Be near, O Father, in my latter end,  
Nor let his legions dare my peace to rend!

When to thy dread tribunal I shall come,  
From thy own lips to hear my final doom,  
O give me not the sentence I deserve,  
But through the Saviour's name my soul preserve!  
Instead of mine, his full obedience take,  
And let his death for me atonement make;  
Since for my sins he was condemn'd to die,  
In mercy pass my imperfections by!  
He did for me thy sacred law fulfil,—  
He perfectly for me perform'd thy will;  
He died upon the cross that I might live;  
And wilt thou not through him my sins forgive?  
No righteousness of mine I mean to boast;  
My purity and my perfection lost,—  
Through grace alone I hope with thee to live,  
And free salvation through thy Son receive.

Christ is my comfort, and my refuge sure,  
He is my hope in all that I endure;—  
He my assistance, when death's terrors come,  
And my protection in the day of doom.  
Through his great name my earnest prayer receive,  
And for my comfort thy bless'd Spirit give!

**O Lamb of God! my soul's diseases heal,  
Bind up my conscience, and my pardon seal;  
Deep in the grave let all my sins remain,  
And let them never, never, rise again!**

**I fain would from these chains of flesh be free,  
And fly, O Saviour of mankind, to thee :  
Draw me, dear Jesus! for the time is come,  
And take me now to thy celestial home.  
Into thy hands my spirit I commend,  
Its gracious author, and its final end ;  
From thee no foe can tear my soul away,  
Nor in departing fill it with dismay.  
O give me now some earnest of thy rest,  
And cause my latest hours to be my best ;  
And while on thee with firmness I rely,  
In thy belov'd embraces let me die !**

**END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.**

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**NOTES.**

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## NOTES.

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### BOOK I.

Note 1. Page 4, line 10.---*The Bible in thy native tongue on easy terms may now be had.*---In the Vicar's time, as appears from his own words, the lowest price of a Welsh bible was "a crown." Notwithstanding the increased expense of paper and printing, through the aid of that noble institution, the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose Auxiliaries are found even in the Principality, a copy of the nonpareil Welsh bible may now be obtained for half the above sum! What a blessing is that Society to a country, the lower orders of whose inhabitants are generally very poor! And yet it is to be lamented, that many spend a considerable portion of their income in ale and tobacco, while the spiritual wants of their families remain unprovided for.

Note 2. Page 4, line 18.---*Which cost in England such a sum.*---The translation of the Scriptures into Welsh was required by order of Queen Elizabeth in 1563. But though the whole was to be finished by the 1st of March, 1566, the New Testament only, appeared in the year following. The Old Testament was afterwards translated by Dr. W. Morgan, and the entire Welsh bible published in 1588. To the expense attending that important work Mr. Priehard most probably refers.

Note 3. Page 6, line 7.---*Though he his thoughts should ill express.*---Something more than sound doctrine is certainly desirable in

preaching, though not indispensable in all situations. The word of God cannot be unprofitable to a pious mind, when unaccompanied by many of those attainments which often serve to recommend it. When therefore the principal thing is not wanting, it must be a duty, on some occasions, to make a small sacrifice of feeling to that spirit of unity and love, which all christians, and especially ministers, ought to cultivate. In this view the Vicar's advice deserves attention when an exchange of services takes place, when different ministers preach at a public meeting, or when a stated minister is favoured with the friendly visits of any of his brethren.

Note 4. Page 8, line 20.---*For his household daily cares.*---Numerous and astonishing have been the manifestations of Providence, in preserving and supporting the righteous. It is related of *Augustine*, that when going to teach the people of a certain town, one of the Donatists, who knew of his intended journey, laid wait to kill him on the road, when his assassination was prevented only by the inattention of his guide, who led him out of the way! On the horrid massacre of the Protestants at Paris, *Du Moulin*, who had hid himself in an oven, was preserved from his enemies by a spider, which began to make its web across the mouth of the oven, as soon as he had entered it. On seeing this, the soldiers forbore to search it, concluding that no person could be there! Another of these sufferers for conscience sake, was kept alive, for some time, by a hen, which laid an egg every day in the place where he had concealed himself. The Rev. Samuel Clark, in his *Lives*, records a memorable instance of Providence in the case of *Fox*, the Martyrologist. Having gone to London about the end of the reign of Henry VIII., where he soon spent the little his friends had given him, he began to be in great want. So pressing were his necessities, that he was literally spent with continued fasting, and presented the ghastly appearance of a dying man.

In this condition, while sitting one day in St. Paul's church, a person whom he had never seen before, put an untold sum of money into his hand, exhorted him not to be cast down, and signified, that very soon a more certain means of support would be presented to him. Accordingly, three days after this, he was sent for by the Dutchess of Richmond, and engaged as tutor to the Earl of Surry's children, then under her care. When the celebrated *John Jewel*, about the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, was persecuted by the Inquisitors at Oxford, he fled by night, and took the road for London, when he escaped his pursuers by providentially losing the way. Walking, however, until he was quite exhausted, his life was again in imminent danger, being obliged to lie down in the snow. In this situation he was found by a benevolent Swiss, who had formerly been in the service of bishop Latimer. This man conducted him to the house of a lady, where he met with a hospitable reception, and by whom he was afterwards privately conveyed to the place of his destination. *Mavor's British Nepos*, p. 81. See also *Flavel's Mystery of Providence*, where many remarkable anecdotes may be found to the same purpose.

Note 5. Page 10, line 20.---*The Son of God without a mother's aid!*---This undoubtedly refers to the much contested doctrine of the *eternal generation* of the Son, which the Vicar, in common with all consistent Clergymen of the Church of England, conscientiously believed. Without entering on the discussion of so difficult a subject, it may not be improper to observe, that the Messiah was always considered by the Jews as the Son of God in a *divine* sense; and we know that our Lord was condemned as a blasphemer "because he said I am the Son of God." How easy would it have been for him to have explained his meaning, if the term "Son of God" had not implied such divinity of person, as was deemed blasphemy by his judges? It can-



not be imagined, that he is called the Son of God, merely on account of his miraculous conception, as it may seem from the words of the Angel to his mother, Luke i. 35; for it appears that he is equally so called on account of his resurrection from the dead by the power of the Father, Acts xiii. 33. Besides, Psalm ii. 7, which the apostle applies to the resurrection, seems more immediately to refer to the appointment of Christ to those offices he sustains, as Mediator. The fact appears to be, that these things, whether taken separately, or together, merely prove that Jesus is the Son of God in a higher sense, even by a divine and eternal generation, in which sense alone can we regard him as "the *only*-begotten of the Father." The generation of the Son, in this sense, must be considered as something *internal* and *necessary* to the Divine Essence, without either priority in the Father, or posteriority in the Son, or any thing like *derivation* of the one from the other. So *thought* is the son of the mind; and thus, when we behold the ascending flame, the *light* it gives us is begotten by the fire, which, in connexion with inflammable air, is essential to the being of flame. In flame, the fire, light, and air, are coessential, and coexistent; so that whenever we light a candle, our faith in the Trinity, and eternal generation of the Son, receives one of the most appropriate illustrations to which the doubting mind can be referred. The Saviour, in whom we trust, is represented in Scripture, as the Son of God, *prior* to the consideration of his being "brought into the world," Heb. i. 6.; and we have no need to adopt the *Socinian* notion of a *figurative* and temporal sonship, in order to avoid any supposed difficulties attending the doctrine of eternal generation.

Note 6. Page 11, line 16.----*Apply at court, and for an answer stay.*---The conduct of the wise men, in applying to Herod, was conformable to the maxims and usage of this world, and must receive

the approbation of those who prefer christianity as it has been secularized in the national establishments of Europe. But if such institutions are consistent with the nature and design of the gospel, or in any way agreeable to the will of God, why was the birth of Christ announced to the humble shepherds, while the "constituted authorities" were entirely overlooked? Why was it not first made known to the court of Herod, that the illustrious infant might be taken under royal protection? If God had sent his Son to be the founder of a religion, intended to prevail among the different nations of the earth in union with the civil power, are we not to conclude, that the angels would have appeared to the rulers of the Jews, in order to secure their patronage? In that case, the christian religion, propagated by order of the court, and established by law in Judea, would have furnished a model for all other churches. But as nothing of this kind was done, we perceive that the Saviour's kingdom is "not of this world." Its union with the State under Constantine, about 330 years after the birth of Christ, was a circumstance which only corrupted the true religion, promoted the rise of Popery, and is still the source of many evils to the christian cause. Have we not great reason to lament a system which induces a host of men to invade the ministerial office without any of its most necessary qualifications? Thus are the sources of public instruction rendered inefficient or destructive, while the sacred office is frequently perverted to purposes wholly unconnected with the furtherance of the gospel.---Since Christianity is a divine institution, God will support his own cause; and it cannot be indebted to worldly power and influence for its prosperity. He has "chosen the foolish things of this world, that he may shame the wise; and the weak things of the world, that he may shame its mighty things." It was without the aid of civil power and authority that the gospel originally prevailed in the world, and it is thus that our missionaries now carry it successfully to the ends of the earth.

True religion can only prosper in reality, when left to stand on its own merits, and where its success depends on the blessing of Him, who has said, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Note 7. Page 13, line 2.—*He with the Rabbies enters on debate.*—“I have often thought it a great injury to the character of our blessed Redeemer,” says Dr. Doddridge, “to represent this story, whether in pictures or words, as if Christ, at this tender age, went up into the seats of the Doctors, and there *disputed* with them. Not one word is said of this disputing by the Evangelists, but only of his *asking* some questions, and *answering* others, which was a very usual thing in these assemblies, and indeed the very end of them.” It appears that there was a separate place in the Temple, appointed for the reception of those who came to be instructed in the law of God. Seats of a semicircular form, and elevated considerably above the pavement, were erected for the teachers, while the youth sat on lower seats in the centre; or, to use a Scripture phrase, “*at their feet*.” Such was the situation of our Lord when “found in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.” It was the office of these teachers to deliver lectures, with a view to expound the law to the young; and when this was done, any young person had the liberty to ask proper questions for his information; while the doctors would also propose questions to their hearers with a view to their examination, and to give themselves a better opportunity of rendering every thing as plain as possible. Hence it is most reasonable to conclude, that the questions of our Lord were such as it was usual to ask, and that his “understanding and answers” were admired while replying to the interrogations of those who examined him.

Note 8. Page 13, line 6:---*At the river freed himself from blame.*---  
Misled by the common translation of these passages which are considered as referring to the *mode* of Jehn's baptism, many have thoughtlessly concluded, that it was performed by *immersion*, or *dipping*, and that John stood with his followers in the Jordan for that purpose! The Greek preposition unquestionably has the force of *at*, *by*, *near to*, as well as *in*; nor could it be proper in our translators to act like a careless school-boy, who adopts the first meaning he finds in his Lexicon, without considering what the nature of the subject, or connexion of the place requires. Could it be possible for the multitudes "from Jerusalem, and Judea, and all the region round about," to be immersed by one man? If so, what a life the Baptist must have led, and what a spectacle he must have appeared! Had he been thus employed, his native element would have been half deserted, while, from morning till night, for many successive days and weeks, he stood in water! This surely could not have been the fact, had his bones been iron, and his flesh of brass; nor could the *ritual* use of water be of such importance as to require a continued miracle for the preservation of his life. But does not the very supposition involve such *inconvenience* and *indecorum*, as would have been utterly inconsistent with the divine appointment? Common sense must conclude, that the people would never be dipped in the garments they wore; it is highly improbable that they would be provided with suitable dresses for the occasion; and surely no one can imagine, that men and women were publicly and indiscriminately dipped when naked! It is far more probable, then, that these multitudes were baptized unto John, as their fathers were unto Moses, by *sprinkling*. Thus the purification would be effected after the manner which had been established by long-continued practice under the law. Thus the sacred history contains nothing marvellous, nothing incredible on this subject,---nothing from which the purest imagination would recoil. Multitudes,

standing in ranks beside the stream of Jordan, or Enon, might, in some easily discovered way, and without extreme labour, have had those waters shed upon them, and that abundantly. See Bowden's *Religious Education enforced*, p. 191.

Note 9. Page 13, line 12.—*Fully own'd him as his Son belov'd.*  
—The baptism of our Lord was merely a branch of *legal righteousness*, that which John administered being nothing more than a *Jewish ceremony*. The Mosaic Dispensation was then in full force, inasmuch as its types and shadows could not receive their accomplishment until the Saviour died. Then the ceremonial institutions of the law were *finished*, the veil of the temple was rent; and out of that which was “old” and “ready to vanish away,” arose “a kingdom which cannot be moved.” Now while John was baptizing, this kingdom was only “at hand;” so that his baptism could make no part of a dispensation that was not yet come. Christian Baptism, moreover, was not instituted until after our Lord's resurrection from the dead. It also differed from that of John in many particulars; but chiefly as it includes a formal dedication of its subjects to the Holy Trinity.—For a more ample statement of the difference between the two institutions. see Dr. Edward Williams' *Antipædobaptism examined*, vol. i. pp. 112---119.

Note 10. Page 15, line 5.—*O'er his eyes a deadly covering draw.*  
—The covering of the face seems to have been used in the East as a *sign of condemnation*. When it was discovered that the king viewed Haman as a criminal, or at least as soon as he had expressed his anger at seeing him on the couch with Esther the queen, they covered his face. This was placing him before the king as a *malefactor*, to hear his doom. And thus, when the Sanhedrim had deemed our Lord *worthy of death*, they covered his eyes, as though he no longer

deserved to behold the light, or to look on the high priest. In all cases where this custom followed conviction, it must have been felt as a most affecting token of that darkness in which death was about to close the eyes for ever.

Note 11. Page 16, line 18.---*For all the sins of all the sons of men*---In thus maintaining the universal design of the Saviour's death, the Vicar is perfectly consistent with the doctrinal Articles of his own church, the language of Scripture, and the sentiments of Calvin's riper years and more mature judgment. "The offering of Christ once made," says the thirty-first article, "is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual." Thus also the apostle John: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son."—"We have seen, and do testify, that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world,"—"He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world." And so far was Calvin from limiting the true import of such passages as those in the Gospel and Epistles of John, that he gives the same ample view of Scripture, even where it seems to confine the sacrifice of Christ to the elect. Thus, in his commentary on Matt. xxiv. 28: "This is my blood—which is shed for many for the remission of sins," he says, "*Sub multorum nomine non partem mundi tantum designat, sed totum humanum genus.*" By the term many, he does not mean only a part of the world, but the whole human race. And on Rom. v. 18: "As by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life," he has these remarkable words: "*Etsi passus est Christus pro peccatis totius mundi, atque omnibus indifferenter Dei benignitate offertur, non tamen apprehendunt.*" *Although Christ suffered for the sins of the whole world, and is offered by the grace of God to all men without dif-*

*ference, yet they do not receive him.*—The truth seems to be, that, in the death of Christ, there is a two-fold design—*rectoral* and *decretive*. According to the former, God, as the moral governor of the world, opens a door of reconciliation and saving mercy to all who hear the gospel, and lays a foundation for that faith, repentance, and love, which is *required* of all, without distinction. According to the latter, Christ is represented as laying down his life *for the sheep*;---it being by this decretive design that the benefits of his death are applied to those whom the Father hath given him. This ensures the conversion, perseverance, and final salvation of all those who were “chosen in him from the foundation of the world, that they might be holy, and without blame in love.” See *Wilkins’ Essay on the Equity of Divine Government, and the Sovereignty of Divine Grace, Chap. v, passim.*

Note 12. Page 19, line 22.---*Those which open Hell’s tremendous deep.*---This line contains an obvious allusion to Rev. i. 18: “I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and death.” In our commonly received translation, the word *hades*, is very improperly rendered *hell*, as this term conveys but a part of the true sense, and is not a little derogatory from the honour of Christ. Mr. Howe, in his admirable discourse on the Redeemer’s Dominion over the Invisible World, has largely proved that *hades* signifies, indefinitely, the unseen world, or the state of the dead, whether of the just or unjust—that state of things, which lies without the compass of our knowledge, and beyond the reach of our mental sight. Thus, in a passage quoted from one of the Greek poets, by Clemens Alexandrinus, *Hades* is made to include both heaven and hell, or the Elysium and Tartarus of the Heathen. It may be translated as follows:

There are two states in Hades, we maintain,—  
A state of bliss—a doleful state of pain:

That is for just and pious souls design'd ;—

In these dark shades the impious are confin'd.

It is therefore with great propriety, that Dr. Doddridge thus renders the words of our Lord : “ I am he who lives, though I was dead ; and behold I am living for ever and ever ; and I have the keys of the unseen world, and of death ;” which he thus explains in his paraphrase ---“ I have a supreme dominion over it, and remove the souls of men from world to world, calling them out of the body, and fixing them in the invisible state, according to my pleasure, till at length I shall exert my power in raising the dead.” As it is evident that *Hell* is but a small and mean part of what is called Hades, it must be highly improper to conceive of the Redeemer’s dominion, as extending only to the place of misery. Since every thing in the context tends to exalt the character, and magnify the dominion of Christ, there is a palpable incongruity in so rendering the passage, as to make him merely the jailer of devils and their companions. --Every one knows that *the keys* are emblematical of authority and power. Thus, the Jews speak of God as having the keys of life, or our entrance into the world ; and of the grave, by which we go out of it. “ The Holy, Blessed One,” say they, “ has the keys of the sepulchres in his hands ; and as we may be sure he admits us thither, so we know that he releases thence. In the future age, he will unlock the treasury of souls, and bring each one back into its own body.” To complete the illustration of a passage so truly interesting, I cannot refrain from transcribing the following impressive sentences from the Family Expositor : “ It is exceedingly reviving to the heart of a sincere Christian, that Jesus has the *keys of the unseen world, and of death* ; so that whenever we are removed by the stroke of this our last enemy, it is only to be considered as his turning the *key*, which will let us out of this world into another, of happiness and glory everlasting. How delightful to reflect, that *heaven* is under the command of our Re-



deemer, and *hell* under his controul! What have his faithful servants to fear from *the one*? what have they not to hope from *the other*? How does this cheering sentiment disarm both *life* and *death* of their respective terrors!"

Note 13. Page 20, line 10.---*His unborn race for one dear apple sold.*---It is justly remarked, by Mr. Wollaston, that the generality of *Freethinkers* are little better than *half-thinkers*. Were they any thing more, they would not overlook the magnitude of the first offence, and profanely sneer at the idea of man's being punished with all his subsequent miseries, merely for eating an apple. No wise man can imagine, that the act of eating the fruit of a certain tree, is to be considered here simply in itself. It was preceded by the sin of *unbelief*; for though our first parents were told, that if they did eat, or even touch the forbidden fruit, they should die. Doubting this, they rather chose to believe the tempter, who said, that they should not die! In the conduct of Eve we behold the sin of *vain curiosity*. Observing the pleasing appearance of the forbidden fruit, and conceiving that her knowledge would be increased by eating it, she was curious to examine,—then disposed to taste,—and eventually transgressed the divine command, through a desire of being acquainted with what providence had concealed from her. The sin of our first parents originated in *discontent*; for not being satisfied with their present situation, they sought to become as gods, knowing good and evil. They were also guilty of the greatest *ingratitude*, as their sin was committed against the express command of Him, who had given them their being, placed them in Paradise, and bestowed such a profusion of favours upon them! If such was the conduct of creatures, who bore the image of God, what can be expected from those who have been born in sin? We surely can look for nothing good, but as God *may work in them both the virtuous will and the deed*.

Note 14. Page 21, line 20.---*Bereav'd of treasures, once from God's own hand receiv'd.*---The sentiment contained in these words is very important. Every blessing bestowed upon man, in his original state, is forfeited by sin. Considered as under the curse of the law, he is totally *disinherited*, having no absolute *right* to the smallest favour. Though he can claim, as an accountable creature, on supposition that he must continue in a state of probation, the faculties of *intellect*, *will*, and *freedom*, his very existence is a mercy;—and a mercy peculiarly great, when that existence is enjoyed under a dispensation of abounding grace. The soul of every man, in a state of nature, is bereaved of the divine image. He is no longer possessed of spiritual knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness. He is altogether without strength;---in his flesh there dwelleth no good thing; ---he is alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in him; while destruction and misery are in his ways. Perhaps there cannot be a more lively description of a sinner in this affecting situation than that contained in the parable of the man fallen among thieves. There we behold the fallen soul—bereaved of every comfort,—and apparently left to perish! The Priest and the Levite pass by, but afford neither help nor consolation! None but Christ, the good Samaritan, can apply the oil and wine of divine grace, and thus restore the inward man to life and joy in the Holy Ghost. Happy they who are brought by him into the church, where his ministers watch for souls, and take care of their spiritual interests!

Note 15. Page 21, line 23.---*Never canst thy devious ways amend,* &c.---The inability of man to effect his spiritual improvement, is not a *natural* inability, such as that occasioned by the loss of the eyes, the want of bodily strength, or of any other physical power; but a *moral* inability, consisting in the *want of inclination*, or the love of sin. "How can ye believe," said our Lord to the Jews, "who receive, he-

nour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" They loved the praise of men more than the praise of God; and while this state of mind continued, they could not believe in Christ, and bear his reproach.---A *natural ability*, even in fallen man, to obey the will of God, is necessary to render him accountable, and without this there can be no sin; whereas moral inability, which is not inconsistent with the former, and which too often accompanies it, is the source of guilt and condemnation. It is that which appears in a drunkard, who *cannot* be sober---a thief, who *cannot* be honest---or an envious person, who *cannot* speak well of his neighbour. The inability of such persons is not like that of a lame man, who cannot walk, and who is therefore not required to do so; but their inability to be sober, honest, and speak no evil of their neighbour, is that inward depravity which renders them guilty in the sight of God, and odious in the estimation of virtuous men.

Note 16. Page 27, line 5.---*He chang'd his nature with his name.*---The enlightened reader will not be disposed to put any construction on this passage contrary to the doctrines of grace, or be more startled on reading it, than when he meets with similar language in Scripture. It will easily occur to his mind, that he has read the following passages in his Bible: "Put off the old man, and put on the new---Circumcise yourselves to the Lord, and take away the foreskins of your heart---O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved---Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded---Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die?" With these passages in his view, he will at once perceive, that our regeneration, by the power of the Holy Spirit, is not inconsistent with the free agency of man, or incompatible with exhortations to known duty. What God enables

us to do, when, by sovereign grace he changes the heart, we ought to do, as rational and accountable creatures. Our inability is nothing more than our love of sin, and disinclination to that which is good; and when this inability is removed by a divine influence, the sinner is created anew in Christ Jesus to good works,---not as inert and senseless matter,---but as a moral agent, convinced of the evil of sin, laying aside the love and practice of it, and earnestly panting after holiness. Nor can it be said, on this view of the subject, that a man may ascribe his conversion partly to himself; because the will and the deed are both of grace, while the commands of God are freely obeyed.

Note 17. Page 30, line 4.---*I now forsake the drunken crowd.*---It is highly probable, that the Vicar here alludes to the company he frequently kept before his conversion; and this seems to confirm what is related in reference to those habits of dissipation, which he had contracted in early life. For a Clergyman to be found in "the drunken crowd," is indeed highly inconsistent with the nature of his office; but that there should be many guilty of such inconsistency, in a worldly establishment, where serious piety is not made an indispensable qualification in those who are preparing for the ministry, is more a matter of lamentation than surprise. The number of pious Clergymen, however, is conceived to be upon the increase in Wales. This, it may be safely affirmed, is greatly owing to the increase of pure religion without the pale of the establishment. The zealous endeavours of Dr. Burgess, the present Bishop of St. David's, to promote learning and religion in his extensive diocese, have also had a salutary influence on the clerical character. His attention to the piety and literary qualifications of candidates for ordination, is truly laudable.

Note 18. Page 33, line 8.—*The work begun will to his praise complete.*—In confirmation of this sentiment, as well as to conciliate those who feel averse from the general doctrine of the poem, the following anecdote, from Mr. Simeon of Cambridge, may not be unacceptable. “A young minister, about three or four years after he was ordained, had an opportunity of conversing familiarly with the great and venerable leader of the Arminians in this kingdom; and, wishing to improve the occasion to the uttermost, he addressed him nearly in the following words: ‘Sir, I understand that you are called an Arminian; and I have been sometimes called a Calvinist; and I suppose we are to draw daggers. But before I consent to begin the combat, with your permission I will ask you a few questions, not from impertinent curiosity, but for real instruction.’ Permission being very readily and kindly granted, the young Minister proceeded to ask, ‘Pray, Sir, do you feel yourself a depraved creature, so depraved, that you would never have thought of turning unto God; if God had not first put it into your heart?’ ‘Yes,’ says the veteran, ‘I do indeed.’ ‘And do you utterly despair of recommending yourself to God by any thing that you can do, and look for salvation solely through the blood and righteousness of Christ?’—‘Yes, solely through Christ.’—‘But, Sir, supposing you were at first saved by Christ, are you not somehow or other to save yourself afterwards by your own works?’—‘No; I must be saved by Christ from first to last.’—‘Allowing then that you were first turned by the grace of God, are you not in some way or other to keep yourself by your own power?’—‘No.’—‘What then, are you to be upheld every hour and every moment by God, as much as an infant in its mother’s arms?’—‘Yes; altogether.’—‘And is all your hope in the grace and mercy of God to preserve you unto his heavenly kingdom?’—‘Yes; I have no hope but in him.’—‘Then, Sir, with your leave, I will put up my dagger again; for this is all my Calvinism; this is my election, my justification by faith, my

final perseverance: it is, in substance, all that I hold, and as I hold it: and therefore, if you please, instead of searching out terms and phrases to be a ground of contention between us, we will cordially unite in those things wherein we agree. The Arminian leader was so pleased with the conversation, that he made particular mention of it in his journals; and notwithstanding there never afterwards was any connection between the parties, he retained an unfeigned regard for his young inquirer to the hour of his death."

Note 19. Page 40, line 16.---*Others think that souls may there be brief'd.*---The Romish religion has been denounced as a monstrous compound of Judaism, Christianity, and Heathenism. That the latter part of this charge is true, with respect to Purgatory, the following lines, from a Heathen poet, sufficiently shew:---

"Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;  
 But long-contracted filth e'en in the soul remains.  
 The relics of invet'rate vice they wear;  
 And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.  
 For this are various penances enjoin'd;  
 And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,  
 Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,  
 Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.  
 All have their manes, and those manes bear:  
 The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,  
 And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air. }  
 Then are they happy, when by length of time  
 The scurf is worn away, of each committed crime;  
 No speck is left of their habitual stains;  
 But the pure ether of the soul remains.

*Dryden's Virgil, Æneis, Book vi. l. 998.*

Note 20. Page 41, line 16.—*Their's is not the Saviour's fold.*—Mr. Faber observes, in his work on the Prophecies, that “our Reformers never thought of unchurching the Church of Rome; though they freely declared it to have erred. Hence, while they rejected its abominations, they did not scruple to derive from it their line of episcopal and sacerdotal ordination.” From this opinion the Vicar wholly dissents. And though it be admitted, that some of the English Reformers did allow the Church of Rome to be a true church of Christ, do the Scriptures support them in this concession?—That corrupt communion was once a part of the true church; but from the time her religion was established, as that of the state, she was rejected. Hence, in the first general description of the true church, Rev. xi. 2, under the emblem of “measuring the temple of God, and the altar, and them that worship therein,” the Papal community is ordered to be left out, as being “given to the Gentiles.” Through worldly motives, it abounded with converts; but such was their character, and such was the religion they introduced, that the church of Christ required to be contracted. The “outer court,” containing the body of the worshipers, was therefore left out in the measurement. That which assumed the name of the “Catholic Church” was given up as idolatrous; and by its means, the profanation of the temple under Antiochus was acted over again. Instead of being the “holy city,” it became a body of idolaters, who were permitted to “tread it under foot.” It is not Zion, but Babylon—“the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified.” Some of God’s people are, no doubt, found in her; but they are commanded to “come out of her.” And, indeed, if the Church of Rome continued to be a true church of Christ, what are we to make of that church, which, under the second general description, is represented as fleeing from her persecutions into the wilderness? This surely can be no other than the true church in a state of affliction

and depression. There can be no doubt that pure christianity, at the period referred to, subsisted chiefly in the Vallies of Piedmont; and among the despised and persecuted Christians in Moravia and Bohemia.

Note 21. Page 42; line 10.—*The infant soul enjoys eternal rest.*—Of the various opinions which have been adopted concerning the state of departed Infants, that appears most consistent with the character of God, and the abundant grace of the gospel, which maintains that they are *all* saved through the mediation of Christ. Hence there is a prevailing inclination among serious Christians, to conclude that those who die in infancy are undoubtedly happy; though they may feel themselves at a loss with respect to any satisfactory principles on which the conclusion is built; or may, perhaps, have formed ideas of the way of salvation, which are opposed to it. If, however, the conclusion be just, there must be a reason for it, and a sure ground on which infant salvation rests.

To deny the guilt of original sin, and to say that all who leave this world in their infancy are saved, because they are *innocent*, is obviously contrary to Scripture; for “in Adam all die?” and “death is the wages of sin.” Death, therefore, would not have “reigned from Adam to Moses,” and from his time to our own; even over those who had never committed actual sin, unless they had been under the guilt of the first transgression. It seems, then, that the guilt of original sin, *so far as it respects the soul, and its eternal state*, is removed by the blood of Christ. This, indeed, appears to be the case with respect to all mankind; for such was the nature of *condemnation* under the first covenant, that neither Adam, nor any of his posterity, could have become candidates for eternal life under a new covenant of grace, had not their original sin been so far removed. It was not only tem-



poral and spiritual, but also *eternal* death, that was incurred by apostacy, and that at the very time the covenant was violated: "*In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.*" Now as a criminal, under sentence of death, cannot have an opportunity of amending his life, and deserving well of his country in future, without the pardon of his past offence; neither could mankind have been continued in a state of probation, under means of grace, and so candidates for heaven, unless their original sin had been partly cancelled. And though the human race are still subject to the miseries of this life, and to a temporal death, in consequence of the first transgression, these evils are sanctified to the real good of them who fear God, and thus the curse is turned into a blessing. Bodily afflictions, together with the certainty of approaching death, become an important means of promoting seriousness of mind, and of bringing the sinner to God. But though original sin be partly removed through the mediation of Christ, something more is necessary to the salvation of infants, than a state of pardon, in connexion with their immortality. They must have an interest in the *righteousness* of Christ; and this they obtain, not only by virtue of their election, but in consequence of their relation to Him, who assumed their nature. The first promise of a Saviour was *generally* made, to Adam, and all his family, as included in him. Now as infants neither exclude themselves from Christ by unbelief, nor want any qualification that can be required of them; their salvation appears to follow in consequence of that redeeming grace, which is generally provided for fallen man. Under this view of the subject, we behold, "*THE SECOND ADAM,*" opening a gate of life to mankind, instead of that which was closed by the sin of the "*FIRST;*" while we ascertain the full meaning of the apostle, when he says, "*As by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.*" In him there is so much already

effected for the recovery of fallen man, as to secure the salvation of those who die in infancy, and the acceptance of all others, who come to God in the appointed way of faith and repentance.

In support of the above representation, the writer is happy to add the following remarks from one of our most learned and judicious divines : “ I see not that the word of God hath any where passed a dam-  
natory sentence on any infants ; and if it has not, I am sure we have no authority to do it ; especially considering with how much compassion the Divine Being speaks of them in the instance of the *Ninevites*, and on some other occasions. Perhaps, as some pious divines have conjectured, they may constitute a very considerable part of the number of the elect ; and, as in *Adam* they *all died*, they may in *Christ* *all be made alive*. At least, methinks, from the covenant which God made with Abraham, and his seed, the blessings of which are come upon the believing Gentiles, there is reason to hope well concerning the infant offspring of God’s people, early devoted, and often recommended to him, that their souls may be bound in the bundle of life, and be loved for *their parents’ sakes*. Let us consider, as it is a very comfortable thought, the compassionate regard which the blessed Jesus expressed to little children. He was much displeased with those who forbade their being brought to him ; and said, ‘ Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of God ;’ and taking them up in his arms, ‘ he laid his hands upon them, and blessed them.’ In another instance we are told, that he took a little child, who appears to have been old enough to come at his call, and set him in the midst of his disciples, and said, ‘ Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.’ May we not then hope that many little children are admitted into it ? And may not that hope be greatly confirmed from whatever of an amiable and regular disposition we have observed in those that are



their connection with a national church; but only on those who, forsaking the commandments of Christ, the only Head and Husband of the church, receive the "doctrines and commandments of men" as the rule of their religious conduct, and thus prostitute sacred things to worldly and political purposes. By "sorcereers," we are to understand those who have been employed in drawing away mankind by the lures of a false religion; by "murderers," those who have entered into the persecuting spirit of Rome; by "idolaters," those who have gone into the worship of saints, and images; and by "liars," those whose hearts favour false doctrine, and who employ themselves in framing and propagating it.

Note 24. Page 53, line 19.—*One drop to cool my parched tongue.*—The body of Dives not being in a state of torment, this mention of the "tongue" plainly shews, that what we read of the Rich man and Lazarus, is, strictly speaking, a *parable*. Hence it becomes necessary to consider the "flame" in which he was tormented, as denoting the internal misery of a soul that is lost. And thus, with respect to the other representations our Lord has given of future misery, under the emblem of a "fire" that is "not quenched,"—there is no more reason to understand this of a *material* fire, than there is to suppose, that the 'worm,' which 'dieth not,' is a *real animal*. Expositors suppose it to signify the stings and reproaches of *conscience*. The true notion of future punishment seems to be, that it is wholly *privative* on the part of Deity—a natural evil, consisting in the *absence* of the chief good. While the favour of God constitutes the happiness of his creatures, the loss of that favour, by an accountable being, is the source of misery. God punishes, not as men do, by the positive infliction of torture; but, as an injured and righteous sovereign, by *withholding his favours* from such rebellious subjects as *have despised his authority*. While his *smile* is the heaven of the

just made perfect, his *frown* is the hell of those who are banished from him.

Note 25. Page 54, line 16.---*Gnaw to all eternity*.---The eternal duration of future punishments is as clearly expressed in Scripture, as the eternity of that *happiness* which is reserved for the righteous. Those arguments, therefore, which are usually derived from the limited signification of the terms "eternal," and "for ever," when used in some connexions, are just as much calculated to prove, that there will be a period to the latter, as to the former,---the duration of both being equally signified by the same words. To suppose, as some have done, that offending souls are capable of being reclaimed by *punishment*, as a kind of moral discipline, intended for that purpose, is to overlook both the demerit of sin, and the nature of that turpitude, which must be removed before the sufferer can possibly be reclaimed. So long as any moral defect continues, punishment must remain, as the *due* reward of accumulated guilt. And who can imagine, that mere suffering should ever take away the depravity of the mind? Was punishment ever known to remove a *disposition to offend*? On the contrary, we read of those who blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains, and repented not of their deeds. Until we are able, then, to discover how punishment is adapted to produce a moral change in the disposition of the unhappy sufferer, we have no reason to believe that a single soul will ever be reclaimed from the regions of woe. Perhaps there is not any thing on this subject, in the whole circle of modern divinity, that can be compared with a Note of the late Dr. Edward Williams, in his edition of Doddridge's Lectures. *Doddridge's Whole Works*, vol. v. p. 385.

Note 26. Page 57, line 2.---*To be renew'd again, expire*.---This

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supposed renovation of the globe, seems to have originated in a mistaken view of Rev. xxi. 1., where the apostle says, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea." Some have supposed, that the earth will not be entirely consumed by the general conflagration, but only purified, and made to resemble what it was in the paradisiacal state; that the earth, thus restored, will be prepared for the Millennium, under which, those who attain to the first resurrection shall enjoy a state of peculiar happiness with Christ for six thousand years; and that, at the conclusion of this period, the general judgment will take place, and be succeeded by an eternal state of perfect felicity. But, as it is generally observed, there is one invincible objection to this hypothesis in the coming of the Gog and Magog army against the saints; for as the conflagration must have destroyed the ungodly, whence could such an army come? To meet this difficulty, Dr. Burnet is driven to the wretched expedient of supposing a race of earth-born men to spring like mushrooms out of the ground! ---Others, while they conceive that the millennial state will precede the fire of the last day, conceive that the earth will be so purified by means of it, and so renewed, as to become the future abode of the blessed. "Whatever is meant," says Mr. Faller, "by the glorious state here described, the *earth*, as purified by the conflagration, is the scene of it. The whole of what is said, instead of describing the heaven of heavens, represents the glory of that state as coming down upon the earth. The truth appears to me to be this: It is a representation of heavenly glory in so far as that glory relates to the state of the earth on which we dwell. The generations of a corrupt race of creatures having terminated, it will become the perfect and perpetual abode of righteousness. The creation has long been subjected to the vanity of supplying its creator's enemies with the means of carrying on their rebellion against him. Under this bond-

age of corruption it has groaned and travailed, as it were, in pain, longing to be delivered. And now the period is arrived. The liberation of the sons of God from the power of the grave shall be the signal of deliverance to the whole creation." The great objection to all this, is the gross and material character which it gives of the heavenly state. It seems at variance with what is said of the first earth, as having "passed away." The action of fire on the matter of which the globe is composed, would probably turn it all into glass; which was the opinion of one who perfectly understood the manner in which glass is made, and who often used to say, that his trade would be the last. It may also be questioned, whether this earth, in the state supposed, would be sufficiently large to contain the myriads of human beings who shall enjoy a blessed immortality. Besides, the heavenly mansions seem invariably represented as distant from our world, while *earth* is always opposed to *heaven*. It seems, then, that what John saw coming down to the earth, was only a vision---a hieroglyphical city, which presented itself to his view; and that the "new heaven and earth" denote a new state of things, in which there will be no sea of trouble---no tumult or confusion,---but perfect peace and unsullied happiness.

Note 27. Page 57, line 22---*More short for his own people's sake.*---This line contains an allusion to Mat. xxiv. 22. It must be acknowledged, that many things spoken by our Lord respecting the destruction of Jerusalem and the whole state of the Jews, have a further respect to the end of the world; but this passage so distinctly applies to the period of the Jewish Wars, as to render it questionable whether it has any further meaning. During those wars, which were to end in the destruction of Judea, it would have been impossible for any of the Jews to have been saved; but lest the whole nation should be utterly exterminated, God had determined to shorten those days of

vengeance and death, that he might thus preserve a chosen remnant, in whom his gracious purposes should afterwards be accomplished. The only remaining passage which seems to bear on the subject, is *Rom. ix. 28*. "The Lord is finishing and cutting short his account in righteousness; for the Lord will make a short account upon the earth." But this passage, quoted from *Isa. x. 22, 23.*, seems to refer to the consumption of the Jewish people, at different times, so that there should be but a small number of them left. This prophecy, then, was particularly fulfilled under Titus and Vespasian; while the apostle considers it as being further fulfilled in the rejection of the Jews through their unbelief, and the small number of the elect found among them. As to the end of the world, nothing can be clearer, than that it will be preceded by the Millennium; and such is the representation of the power and universality of religion, during that period, that we have little reason to believe, from the present state of the world, that its commencement has yet taken place, though some are of a contrary opinion. Popery and Mahometanism still remain to be destroyed---the Jews, as a people, are not converted to Christ---the nations are not yet disposed to "learn war no more"---and "the kingdoms of this world" have not yet "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ;"---all which events, according to prophecy, are to happen at the commencement of the Saviour's universal reign. If the calculations usually made, be tolerably accurate, the end of the world may not take place before the year 2900; or, perhaps, says Mr. Brown, about 150 years later. *Chronological Index to the Self-interpreting Bible.*

Note 28. Page 59, line 14.---*A pestilence has ravag'd almost every state.*---This probably refers to the dreadful plague which raged in the year 1350. It first discovered itself in the north of Asia, made its progress from one end of Europe to the other, and sensibly depopu-

lated every state through which it passed. It was doubtless more fatal in great cities than in the country ; and hence about 50,000 persons are said to have perished in London alone. At subsequent periods the plague had been very destructive, particularly in the metropolis of this country ; but the calamity does not appear to have been so general as to answer the representation given by the Vicar of its extensive ravages.

## BOOK II.

**Note L.** Page 68, line 20.---*Who fails in this shall be undone.*---This is obviously implied in the language of the Apostle: "Honour thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise, that it may be well with thee." Hence we justly infer, that the undutiful behaviour of children towards their parents, will incur the divine displeasure, and thus render their situation the reverse of what is well.---"Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out." Many examples of judgment and retribution have accordingly appeared in the world. Mr. Flavel mentions the case of a son, who being displeased with his father, expressed an impious wish, that the house might be burned down upon him ; soon after which, the house was actually set on fire, when this wicked son was the only one who perished in the flames ! He also mentions a man, who used to drag his father about the house, and who was afterwards treated in the same manner by his own son ; when he became sensible of his guilt, and begged to remain at a certain place, saying, "I dragged my father no further than this !"---Unkind and wicked children cause their parents to complain, like the tree in the fable, of



being cleft asunder by wedges formed out of their own bodies. The very Heathen will rise up in judgment against those who act a part so unworthy the Christian character; for some of them could even expose their lives, and deny themselves for the safety or comfort of those from whom they derived their existence. It is a saying among the Jews, that a child should rather labour at the mill, than suffer his parents to want. They teach, that parents ought to be supplied by their children, if they have it in their power; and if not, that they ought to beg, rather than see them starve. Let virtuous children learn the same lesson; for "with what measure they mete, it shall be measured to them again." But more especially, let them learn to imitate the Saviour, who thought of his mother during his greatest sufferings, and commended her to the care of one of his disciples.

Note 2. Page 74, line 1.---*Such vast return did his devotion yield.*---This is obviously mentioned by Moses as a rare thing in the vicinity of Gerar, where Isaac dwelt at that time. Such abundant increase, in the most fruitful parts of Canaan, was not very common, though it sometimes happened, as appears from the parable of the Sower: "Some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred fold." Dr. Clarke asserts, that this is to be taken generally for a *very large increase*; but considering the difference between the soil and climate of the East, and that of our own country, there is no need of such an interpretation. Herodotus says that the country about *Babylon* was so fertile as constantly to produce *two hundred*, and sometimes *three hundred fold*! Even in this country, *eighty* grains of wheat have been found in one ear; and as two or three ears sometimes arise from one seed-corn, there can be nothing incredible in the success of Isaac, especially when regarded as having taken place through the peculiar blessing of God.

Note 3. Page 80, line 2.---*Such is the Sabbath in most parts of*

*Wales.* --No one need wonder that the Lord's Day should have been so ill observed, when even the *pulpit* was employed by misplaced and abused authority to promote its profanation! It was about fifteen years after our author obtained the Vicarage of Llandovery, that James I. issued a proclamation to allow and encourage, after divine service, all kinds of "lawful games and exercises;" and "endeavoured by his authority," as Hume observes, "to give sanction to a practice, which his subjects regarded as the utmost instance of profaneness and impiety." The same writer informs us, that James "had observed, in his progress through England, that a judaical observance of the Sunday, chiefly by means of the Puritans, was every day gaining ground throughout the kingdom, and that the people, under colour of religion, were, contrary to former practice, debarred such sports and recreations as contributed both to their health and their amusement. Festivals, which, in other nations and ages, are partly dedicated to public worship, partly to mirth and society, were here totally appropriated to the offices of religion, and served to nourish those sullen and gloomy contemplations, to which the people were, of themselves, so unfortunately subject." The king therefore imagined, says the approving infidel, that by this means, it would be easy to "infuse cheerfulness into this dark spirit of devotion!"-- With the same design of opposing the *Puritans*, and of counteracting the good effects of their apostolic labours, the Book of Sports continued to regulate the Sunday amusements of the people in the reign of Charles I.; and many pious ministers were suspended, or otherwise punished for refusing to read it to their congregations! This, surely, was not among the "great and manifold blessings" bestowed on the people of England under the reign of "the most high and mighty Prince James," their "dread sovereign," though it was no unfair specimen of his "caring for the church,"-- "cherishing the teachers thereof,"-- and, "as a most tender and nursing father," making religion subservient to

his own private views. The sad effects of his curing for the church of God were not removed from the principality until the rise of the Calvinistic Methodists. The Rev. Howell Harris, from whose labours they seem to have had their origin among the Welsh, when writing of his own times, about the year 1735, informs us, that the generality of the people spent the Lord's Day contrary to the laws of God and man, it being by none rightly observed. "No sooner," says he "was the worship over, on the Lord's Day, than the conduct of the people discovered that the heart was entirely alienated from all that was good. The remaining part of the day was spent in indulging the prevailing corruptions of nature; all family worship being utterly laid aside, (except among some of the *Dissenters*), while a universal deluge of swearing, lying, reviling, drunkenness, fighting, and gaming, had overspread the country, like a mighty torrent, and that without any stop, as far as I had seen, being attempted to be put to it." Within the last sixty years, however, through the instrumentality of Harris, Davies, Rowlands, and Jones of Llangan, with other preachers, both in and out of the Establishment, a wonderful reformation has been effected generally throughout Wales. The itinerant system of the Methodists, with the zeal it has promoted among other christians, not connected with them, has been the means of spreading gospel light in all directions; so that now, the Lord's Day is but rarely profaned in the same open manner as formerly.

Note 4. Page 90, line 5.---*Sanctify thyself,---thy mind prepare.* ---The advice given in this poem, both as to the preparation of the mind for divine service, and a pious concern to profit by the means of grace, is of the greatest importance. In almost every part of the country, both among Churchmen and Dissenters, a very injurious custom prevails, into which serious people are sometimes drawn *without* considering its evil tendency. This is the custom of standing

at the doors of the Church, or Meeting, to converse on any subject that happens to be started; and generally, something of a worldly nature,---as much unsuited to the Lord's Day, and the solemnities of Divine Service as it well can be! Such conversation very often continues until the minister, and the wiser part of the congregation, have begun the worship; and then do these people rush into their pews, with heads full of impertinent thoughts, and wholly unfit for the solemn service in which they are to join!! How much better, if such persons, on coming to their place of worship, would immediately take their seats, prepare their minds for the duties of religion, and pray both for themselves and the officiating minister! Nor is the custom of entering into improper conversation, on retiring from public worship, less reprehensible. It is highly inimical to religious improvement, as it tends to dissipate serious thought, erase every useful impression, and hasten the oblivion of those things to which "more earnest heed" should be given, "lest at any time we let them slip." In addition to the evil here complained of, is another, to which it naturally leads. In going to a place of worship, or in returning from divine service, some are in the habit of stopping to witness any stir that may arise in the street; and have been known, at such times, to stand viewing the military on parade, or listening to the music of the band!! What real good--what blessing can be expected, while the ordinances of religion are attended under such circumstances? Until such habits be reformed, how can men worship God "in spirit and in truth?" If such inconsiderate persons were desirous of knowing how they might draw near to God with their mouths, while their hearts should be far from him, they might certainly be told, that their want of due preparation for religious duties is the readiest way.--Let the reader reflect on this subject, and be concerned to worship God "in the beauty of holiness."

Note 5. Page 91, line 22.---*Not less the care of cleansing then obtain'd.*---That our Lord washed his disciples' feet before the institution of the Eucharist, is clear from John xiii. 2---5.; and that this washing was an emblem of *sanctification*, appears from his words to Peter: "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me."---What our translators have rendered, "supper being ended," in the second verse, should be rendered, *supper being come*, as Doddridge has given it in the Family Expositor. This is supposed to have been the *antepast*, or refreshment which preceded the Paschal Lamb; and to this the apostle seems to allude, when he speaks of our Lord as "rising from supper, and laying aside his garments," that he might wash the feet of his disciples. Now from the order in which the different circumstances are related by John, it appears that our Lord gave the "morsel" to Judas while they were eating what is properly called the *Passover*; and as Judas, "when he had taken the morsel, went immediately out," he could not be present when the Lord's Supper was instituted. The allusion to him, therefore, in the poem, as "eating the consecrated bread," must be understood of the *Passover*; and if it was a presumptuous sin to eat of that bread with an evil mind, how much more so to be found with such a mind at the Lord's Table? Let none therefore tempt the Saviour, as he did, lest Satan gain a similar advantage over them!

Note 6. Page 93, line 8.---*But as our means provide our daily meat.*---The absurdity of transubstantiation, and also of consubstantiation,---by which some imagine that the worthy communicant receives the glorified flesh and blood of Christ with the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper,---is so apparent, that merely to mention such a doctrine, is to refute it. It cannot, however, be denied, that sincere christians *do* eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ in this ordinance, though the privilege is by no means confined to it, more than to

the ordinance of preaching, or the duty of private meditation. The words of our Lord, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you," can refer to nothing more than the exercise of saving faith; for the figure of eating his flesh and drinking his blood, is explained by *believing on him*, and *coming to him*. As the death of Christ is the meritorious cause of our salvation, those who obtain pardon and life through faith in him, may be said to eat his flesh and drink his blood while in the very act of *believing*; just as a man may be said to *live on his means*, or support himself by an ample *fortune*. As such a man does not literally eat his money, but subsists on those things it procures for him, so the believer feeds, and lives on that grace which flows from the cross of his dying Redeemer. It is conceived to be of some importance to render this idea as familiar as possible, because, by eating the flesh, and drinking the blood of Christ, some understand nothing more than the *opus operatum*,—the mere act of receiving the bread and wine in the Sacrament; and because our Lord says, "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life," they conclude that the Eucharist is a saving ordinance! But let those who are in danger of deceiving themselves in so fatal a manner, remember, that many who have eaten and drank in the Saviour's presence, will be banished from him! The writer of this note would therefore say to each of his readers,---

"Reflect what Jesus did and felt for thee,  
Whilst for thy sins he hung upon the tree;  
Believe that he to save thy soul did bleed,  
And thou shalt eat his flesh and drink his blood indeed."

Note 7. Page 96, line 18.---*To such as need do good*.---It will be found, on reflection, that those who most need our charity, are not the bold and clamorous, that beg from door to door. *Vagrants*, who make a *trade* of begging, are generally the most indolent, worthless,

and depraved of our species ; and it would be well if all housekeepers would cease to encourage, by so obvious a misapplication of their alms, a system which is pregnant with many serious evils. The proper objects of charity are the poor and afflicted, which every well-disposed individual may meet with in his own neighbourhood. If inclined to seek for such persons, he will find no difficulty in discovering proper objects of beneficence, to whom he may render that assistance which their virtue will hardly permit them to seek.—The poem to which this note is appended, was composed when the state of our country, with regard to *begging*, was very different from the present, and when ideas of charity were prevalent, which have since been found erroneous. The editor has therefore only given a scanty selection of the best passages, and made such alterations in the verse, as to render what is now presented to the reader but a faint imitation of the original.

Note 8. Page 100, line 9.—*Perform thyself the prophet's part.*  
---To what extent the Vicar's advice is followed in the Principality by the members of the Established Church, the Author of these notes is not enabled to state with accuracy. At a late Visitation of the present Bishop of St. David's, held at Haverfordwest, the worthy Prelate strongly recommended to his Clergy the duty of Family Worship, in such a manner as to imply a conviction on the part of his Lordship, that this important branch of religion was much neglected in his diocese. Several worthy examples of domestic piety, both among the clergy and laity, can doubtless be referred to ; but, without intending any invidious comparison, it may be justly observed, that what Mr. Prichard recommends is generally and fully practised by the Independents, Baptists, and Calvinistic Methodists. With *christian families* of those denominations the writer is best acquainted, and *has occasionally* been present at their domestic altars with peculiar

satisfaction. Here the master generally officiates, as the "prophet and priest." In some considerable farm houses especially, it is a pleasing sight when the servants assemble with the family for morning and evening worship. The master reads a portion of Scripture, to which all listen with becoming attention. In the next place he generally gives out some part of a hymn, which the company unite in singing; after which a prayer of moderate length concludes the solemnity. In such houses there are mostly some who are adepts in singing, and take the lead in that part of the worship with much propriety, while the fervour and piety with which the whole is conducted, is often such as deeply to affect a stranger, even though he may not be acquainted with the language. There are very few families of the above denominations, in which worship is not regularly maintained, without the use of any form of prayer; nor can the head of any family in which it is neglected, ever acquire that reputation and influence in the church which others possess.

Note 9. Page 104, line 3.---*Give us the former and the latter rains.* ---These are, properly speaking, peculiar to Palestine and its neighbouring countries. The *former rain* usually begins to fall in October, when the ground is prepared for seed, and the *latter rain* in March, a few weeks before the harvest. Rain being also required with us at the corresponding seasons, renders it by no means improper to use the same language, especially as it is borrowed from Scripture. Thus a few other expressions, which occur in the Prayer of the Husbandman, though not strictly applicable to our country, may be justified on the same principle. It is customary to use the language of Scripture in *prayer*, as accommodated to objects and circumstances familiar to our minds; and hence, though "wine and oil" are not given among us to "those who till the field;" and though our "rocks" do not "distil



their honey," we feel no hesitation in using such accommodated language, when praying for the blessings of a fruitful season.

Note 10. Page 106, line 3.- *Better is prayer than sword or pistol.*  
---The writer of these notes will be pardoned, if he take the liberty of introducing in this place the opinion of the late pious and learned Dr. Edward Williams on the use of deadly weapons in the way of self-defence. When the Doctor presided over the Congregational College at Rotherham, it was usual, every day, while at dinner, to discuss some useful question, for the improvement of the Students. One of these led to some remarks on the practice of travelling with pistols, in order to resist the attacks of the robber. On this subject, the revered Tutor expressed himself to the following effect: "If I had a religious friend in the habit of travelling with pistols in order to defend himself, I should be afraid that he would lose his life by attempting to save it. But if I had another friend who could not bear the thought of using such instruments of death, and who put his whole trust in God for protection, I should entertain no fear on his account. If I knew that they were both equally exposed to danger at the same time, I should feel much more anxiety for the former, than I should for the latter. The one might render the robber desperate by a show of resistance, and be killed; the other might calmly address him in the language of a Christian, and perhaps dissuade him from his purpose; or providence might enable him to escape without harm." These sentiments made a deep impression on the mind of the writer, when he heard them delivered. He has reason to believe, that their importance has been fully proved, where they have been reduced to practice; and with this conviction, they are here presented to the reader.  
--- "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth *into* it, and is safe." Prov. xviii. 10.

Note 11. Page 107, line 18.---*Each disease comes from the will of God alone.*---The will of God, with respect to *disease*, or natural evil of any kind, is not to be considered as the *cause*, but as referring to the "judgment" or "mercy" to be exercised by it; and for which, as an end worthy of God, the evil is *permitted*. It is capable of the most satisfactory demonstration, that nothing but what is *good* can be of God, as light only, in opposition to *darkness*, proceeds from the sun. Natural evil, such as pain, sickness, or death, arises from the necessary *defectibility* of things, and requires no positive, or efficient cause; it being only necessary for God to leave things to their own natural and inherent tendency, in order that the evil may be felt. Thus sickness necessarily happens *whenever God ceases to preserve us from it*. When these things, therefore, are ascribed to God, we are to understand it merely in the sense of *permission*, since he is often said, in Scripture, to *do* what he only *suffers to be done*. This view of the subject is important, as it removes a false and dishonourable idea of God, and enables us, in our afflictions, to regard him, not as a *tormentor*, but as the amiable source of *good*, to whom we are to look by faith and prayer, that he may relieve, support, and comfort us.

## BOOK III.

Note 1. Page 122, line 2.---*A union but in name, where principles are not the same.*---The neglect of religious principles, in forming matrimonial connexions, is a great and prevailing evil, especially among the younger members of christian churches. How often are wealth, beauty, and genteel accomplishments, the only considerations

which determine the choice, without reflecting, how far it is probable that the honour of religion may be promoted, or whether the parties are likely to be happy in the profession of it! There are particular reasons why the husband and wife should be of the same persuasion, which do not apply to society in general. It is their duty to maintain the worship of God in their own houses, and to walk before their domestics "with a perfect heart," which cannot be done where there is discord and division. Should the parties become *parents*, it is a most sacred duty to *unite* in the religious instruction of their children, and enforce such instruction by their own *example*. But if they are not themselves united in the same views and fellowship, their efforts are not likely to be so efficient as they otherwise would be. Can it have any good effect on the minds of children, when they go with their father to one place of worship, and with their mother to another? Besides, if such parents have any good reason for preferring their respective modes of religious profession, it is their duty to make known such reasons to their children, as they become able to understand them. This is as much incumbent on them, as any other branch of acknowledged duty; and yet the conscientious discharge of it must necessarily lead to a conflict between the husband and wife, and cause the house to be divided against itself! These remarks are occasioned by several cases within the sphere of the writer's own knowledge. Among these, he would mention that of a minister, of the Baptist denomination, who found it convenient to marry into a family connected with the Calvinistic Methodists. His wife still retained the principles in which she had been educated, and seldom attended the ministry of her husband. They had children, whom she resolved to have *baptized*, contrary to his wishes; and which was accordingly done, when he was under the necessity of being from home. All the other consequences of their difference in sentiment appeared in due course. He often had to say, "My house is not

so with God as I could desire!" but the fault being his own, he could only mourn the imprudent choice he had made, and leave his people to profit by his affliction, instead of furnishing an example they could safely imitate.

But if such be the consequences, when a religious man chooses to marry one whose sentiments are different from his own, what must they be when such a person marries one who is wholly averse from religion? How can he prove a loyal subject of Christ, when living in open alliance with an *enemy*? How can the parties *unite* in the worship of God, or in any Christian duty? How can the unbelieving wife sympathize with her husband in his trials and afflictions? or how can she be "a help meet for him" in the ways of God? He may, indeed, repent of his folly, and attempt to discharge his duty alone; but his partner will probably always be a dead weight in religion, and counteract all his endeavours to instruct, and bring up his family in the fear of God. Let not those who are determined, at the hazard of their comfort in religion, to be "unequally yoked with unbelievers," deceive themselves by the vain hope of saving their partners; for the words of the apostle, "How knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife," apply only to those cases in which the parties were both "without God" at the time of their marriage. The same apostle says, in reference to all professors of religion, "Let them marry,—only in the Lord." Where this injunction is not observed, the religious party incurs the displeasure of God;—he makes a cross for himself, and may expect to bear it through life!

Note 2. Page 125, line 16.—*The Dolphins guard their aged parents while they live.*—The writers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* observe, that historians and philosophers seem to have contended who should invent most fables concerning this fish. It was consecrated to the

gods, was celebrated for its fondness of the human race, was honoured with the title of the *sacred fish*, and distinguished by those of *boy-loving*, and *philanthropist*. We may therefore easily conclude, that the Vicar is not singular in what he ascribes to the dolphins, though the writer has searched in vain for any similar account in those works to which he has access.

Note 3. Page 125, line 19.---*The stork its feeble parent kindly feeds.*  
---Buffon, in his Natural History, gives the following account of the White Stork: "To this bird are ascribed moral virtues, whose image is ever venerable; temperance, conjugal fidelity, filial and paternal piety. It shews tokens of attachment to its old haunts, and even gratitude to persons who have treated it with kindness. I am assured, that it has been heard to rap at the door in passing, as if to tell its arrival, and to give a like sign of adieu on its departure. But these moral qualities are nothing in comparison of the affection and tender offices which these birds lavish on their aged and infirm parents. The young and vigorous Storks frequently carry food to the others, which, resting on the brink of the nest, seem languid and exhausted, whether hurt by some accident, or worn out by years, as the ancients assert; Nature having implanted in brutes that venerable piety, as an example to man, in whose breast the delicious sentiment is too often obliterated. The law which compelled the maintenance of parents was enacted in honour of them, and inscribed by their name. Aristophanes draws from their conduct a bitter satire on the human race."

Note 4. Page 126, line 13.---*For this the stain upon that people came.*  
---That the blackness of the Negroes had its origin in the curse of Canaan, from whom they descended, was also the opinion of the learned Whiston. The origin of the negroes, and the cause of their

remarkable difference from the rest of the human species, has much perplexed the naturalists. Mr. Boyle has observed, that it cannot be produced by the heat of the climate; for though the heat of the sun may darken the colour of the skin, yet experience does not shew that it is sufficient to produce a blackness like that of the negroes. In Africa itself, many nations of Ethiopia are not black; nor were there any blacks originally in the West Indies. In many parts of Asia, under the same parallel with the African region inhabited by the blacks, the people are but tawny. He adds, that there are negroes in Africa beyond the southern tropic; and that a river sometimes parts nations, one of which is black, and the other only tawny. There can be no doubt that the nations, partly destroyed, and partly enslaved by the Jews, were the posterity of Canaan, from whom the land of promise received its name. But what was their natural complexion? Does it appear to have been similar to that of the present natives of Africa? We know that the Phenicians were the posterity of Canaan, and that the Carthaginians were a colony of them, who left Tyre under the conduct of Dido. Now if it could be shewn, that the people of Carthage were black, as Cyprian their bishop is said to have been, there would be some reason to conclude, that they and the negroes were of the same origin, and that the tawny tribes of Africa are the descendants of Ham, by some of his other sons. Dr. Doddridge, however, in his Lectures, calls the opinion of Whiston "a very precarious conjecture;" and thinks it more probable that the origin of the blacks may be traced to "the strength of imagination in some pregnant woman, which might as well blacken the whole skin of a child, for any thing we can perceive, as stain some particular part of its body, in a manner which it is plain in fact it often does." But this mode of accounting for their origin is even less satisfactory than the other. One such effect of the imagination would not have been sufficient, as the children of a parent, under those circumstances,

whether male or female, would not have been black; and that there should have been two or more such effects, under circumstances leading to the union of the parties, so as to give rise to a race of blacks, is, to say the least, extremely improbable.—Several arguments have been adduced to shew, that the blackness of the negroes is entirely owing to the influence of climate; and perhaps the strongest of these is that which has respect to the Jews. "This people are known to be scattered throughout the whole world," and it is said, that there are not only black Jews, but Jews of every other complexion. If this be a fact, it will be generally admitted as decisive, whatever difficulties may be connected with the subject in other points of view. Of this every one must judge according to the evidence he possesses, and form his own conclusions on a question of acknowledged difficulty.

Note 5. Page 128, line 21.—*All that's perfect may in him be found.*—The following testimony of Rousseau to the character of Jesus Christ, appears so important, as coming from an infidel, that the author of these notes cannot forbear to transcribe it, although he is fully aware, that it must be already known to many of his readers:—"Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth, in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, and so die, without weakness, and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man, loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ: the resemblance was so striking, that all the Fathers perceived it.—What prepossession,

what blindness must it be, to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary? What an infinite disproportion there is between them? Socrates, dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say therefore what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precepts. Aristides had been just before Socrates defined justice; Leonidas had given up his life for his country before Socrates declared patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people before Socrates recommended sobriety; before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where could Jesus learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only hath given us both precept and example? The greatest wisdom was made known among the most bigoted fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honour to the vilest people upon earth. The death of Socrates, peacefully philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates in receiving the cup of poison, blessed indeed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God."

Note 6. Page 134, line 11.---*If from the flood the giants could not run.*  
 ---In the Mosaic account of the Antediluvians, where, in the commonly received version, we read of *giants*, Dr. Boothroyd renders *lawless warriors*: "In those days were lawless warriors upon the earth."



—“The word *giant*,” he observes, “means a person of greater stature than others; but the original word is not restricted to this signification. It denotes ‘such persons as fall upon, or attack others unjustly;’ and I could not find any other terms more suitable than those adopted. From the licentious intercourse of the *sons of the Chiefs*, with the daughters of the vulgar people, sprang this race of lawless warriors and plunderers; who by violence became *mighty*, and notwithstanding their injustice and oppression, were considered, by a corrupt race, as renowned men of antiquity. Some would render *Apostates*, a sense which is unsupported by any of the Versions.”

Note 7. Page 135, line 7.—*Destructive vapours still attend the place.*—The plain where Sodom and Gomorrah stood, was full of bituminous pits, which being kindled by lightning, produced a most dreadful conflagration; in consequence of which, the whole place became a receptacle of water, now called the *Dead Sea*, or the lake *Asphaltitis*. Josephus says it was 72 miles long, and 19 broad. The account which he gives of it appears in some degree fabulous and superstitious; which has, however been exceeded by other writers, in which the representation of our poet has its foundation. “The most strange and incredible tales,” says Dr. Adam Clarke, “are told by many of the ancients, and by many of the moderns, concerning the *place* where these cities stood. Common fame says, that the waters of this sea are so *thick*, that a stone will not sink in them; so tough and *clammy*, that the most boisterous wind cannot ruffle them; so *deadly*, that no fish can live in them; and that if a bird happen to fly over the lake, it is killed by the poisonous effluvia which proceeds from the waters; that scarcely any verdure can grow near the place; that in the vicinity where there are any trees, they bear a most beautiful fruit, but when you come to open it, you find nothing but *ashes*! and that the place was burning long after the apostles’ times. These, and all simi-

lar tales, may be safely pronounced great exaggerations of facts, or fictions of ignorant, stupid, and superstitious monks, or impositions of unprincipled travellers, who knowing that the common people are delighted with the *marvellous*, have stuffed their narratives with such accounts, merely to procure a better sale for their works. The truth is, the waters are exceedingly salt, far beyond the usual saltiness of the sea; and hence it is called the *Salt Sea*. In consequence of this circumstance, bodies will float in it, that would sink in common salt water; and probably it is on this account, that few fish can live in it. But the monks of St. Saba, affirmed to Dr. Shaw, *that they had seen fish caught in it*; and as to the reports of any noxious quality in the air, or in the evaporations from its surface, the simple fact is, lumps of bitumen often rise from the bottom to its surface, and exhale a foetid odour which does not appear to have any thing poisonous in it. Dr. Pococke swam in it for nearly a quarter of an hour, and felt no kind of inconvenience. The water, he says, is *very clear*; and having brought away a bottle of it, he 'had it *analysed*, and found it to contain no substances besides *salt* and a *little alum*.' As there are frequent eruptions of a bituminous matter from the bottom of this lake, which seem to argue a subterraneous fire, hence the accounts that this place was burning even after the days of the apostles. And this phenomenon still continues, for 'masses of bitumen,' says Dr. Shaw, 'in large hemispheres, are raised at certain times from the bottom, which, as soon as they touch the surface, and are thereby acted upon by the external air, burst at once with *great smoke* and *noise*, like the *pulvis fulminans* of the chemists, and disperse themselves in a thousand pieces. But this only happens near the shore; for, in greater depths, the eruptions are supposed to discover themselves in such *columns of smoke*, as are now and then observed to arise from the lake. And perhaps, to such eruptions as those, we may attribute that variety of *pits* and *hollows*, not unlike the traces

of many of our ancient lime-kilns, which are found in the neighbourhood of this lake. The bitumen is, in all probability, accompanied from the bottom with sulphur, as both of them are found promiscuously upon the shore; and the latter is precisely the same with common native sulphur; the other is friable, yielding upon friction, or by being put into the fire, a foetid smell."

Note 8. Page 137, line 21.---*Ta conjurers and wizards never fly.*---The caution contained in this and the following lines, was no doubt more necessary in the author's time, than at present. Perhaps there are none in Wales, at this enlightened period, who would either be thought to practice the black art, or encourage it in others, though in many parts of the country there is something not much unlike it! The writer refers to a class of persons, known by the name of *Wyster Doctors*, who carry on the practice of physic, to a very considerable extent, without any competent share of medical knowledge. These illiterate quacks impose on the common people, by pretending to ascertain the complaint of a patient they have never seen, from the urine, which is sent them for that purpose. They are said to describe all the symptoms of a disorder with the greatest exactness, and to tell how a person has been affected for years, to the astonishment of those who consult them! Their fame being by this means spread abroad, they are much resorted to, and their prescriptions are received with much more confidence than those of the faculty. Now since all this resembles the old practice of consulting wizards, and betrays a dependence on some kind of mysterious art, it must be wholly incompatible with religion, and ought to be discountenanced by all good people.

Note 9. Page 138, line 10.---*Send without delay for thy own Pastor.*---This poem contains part of two in the work of Mr. Prichard.

Some of the discarded passages appeared highly objectionable, as leading the sick to place an undue reliance on the confession of sin to a pariah minister, receiving his absolution, and partaking of the Lord's Supper, as a preparation for death. On this account the two poems have been considerably abridged, and so altered as to suit the case of a sick person, belonging to any denomination of christians, without affecting the spirit and general design of the respective compositions. The candid reader who refers to pages 346, and 354, of Evans's Translation, will probably be satisfied, that the union of the two pieces in the present work is an evident improvement.

Note 10. Page 139, line 12.---*A Free-School in neglected Wales endow.*---A sensible writer in the Congregational Magazine for December, 1819, "On the Conscientious Employment of Property," has the following remarks: "Many reasons may be urged against the custom of large bequests for the support of charitable institutions. Not that all posthumous charity proceeds from wrong motives, or false principles. Many a good man bequeaths his property to public uses, who abhors the mercenary doctrine of popery, and entertains not the remotest idea of compounding with heaven for his sins. It is, however, an undeniable fact, by recent legislative investigation brought fully to light, that almost all our public schools, and other benevolent institutions of long standing, have been shamefully perverted. He who has not turned his attention to this subject, and wishes to step behind the screen, and see abuses which have accumulated for ages, needs only read, in the well-written pamphlet of Mr. Brougham, the details of evidence lately given before the Committee of the House of Commons, What was originally left for the poor has been seized by the affluent, or given up to their voracious dependents, and unprincipled retainers. Trustees and visitors have played into each other's hands, while every maxim of law and equity

has been trampled in the dust, and every civil right and sacred obligation, essential to the well-being of the community, sacrificed at the shrine of avarice. Indeed, the money left to be disposed of in public charities has been so generally diverted into private channels, and the selfish have had recourse to so many frauds, evasions, and subterfuges, to compass their object, that a conscientious man ought surely to pause, before he erects and endows a school, an almshouse, or an asylum. This subject is worthy of particular attention from those wealthy persons who, having no descendants, and being liberally disposed, design to grant, by will, large sums for benevolent purposes. If history is, as it has been defined, philosophy teaching by example, it would be well if such derived a few lessons from it to guide their conduct. Instead of leaving their property to be embanked and shut up in a sort of stagnant reservoirs, which, in the lapse of years, are likely to become the very receptacles of corruption, how much better to make it circulate in a thousand living streams, and fructify the country under their own eyes! Let us suppose, for example, a man to retire from business with twenty thousand pounds, and having neither children, nor near relatives, he resolves, while he lives, to spend the interest chiefly in doing good, and leave the capital at his death, to be invested in some liberal and local institution; I would say to him, 'Your posthumous charity may be well-intended, but it is almost sure to fail of its object; for though the first trustees should be men of integrity, their successors will probably be of a widely different character. Will you, then, put your riches into a form so liable, and even so likely, to be perverted, when it is in your power to employ them for the direct benefit of mankind? Why not invest your wealth principally in annuities; and, instead of giving away, as you now do, five hundred a year, you may then give thrice that sum? Thus you will sow the seed of your bounty with your own hand, and

if you see not all its fruit come to maturity, you will watch its growth, and confidently anticipate the harvest."

The above remarks derive additional strength from the well-attested fact, that Mr. Prichard himself endowed a free-school at Llandoverry, which, through the dishonesty of some of his successors, continued not many years after his death. But notwithstanding what is advanced above, it must be admitted, that much permanent good has been derived to the public through the medium of endowed schools, some examples of which the writer of this note can point out in the place where he now lives. Besides there are some public institutions less liable to abuse than others; such, for example, as the Schools and Colleges of Protestant Dissenters, which are under the management of Committees subject to annual election, and in which bodies of people are so interested as to preclude the abuses complained of in some other institutions. It may also be questioned, whether those "living streams," which are said to "fructify the country," be not rather like slender showers on the parched desert, or drops of fresh water falling into the ocean. They are instantly absorbed, producing but a very transient effect, without ultimately lessening the sum of human misery. Perhaps there is much reason to conclude, that "the princely liberality" of the late Richard Reynolds, Esq. was generally consumed in the temporary relief and gratification it afforded, and is now as if it had never been. While it is our duty to relieve the distresses of our fellow creatures, it appears that nothing short of intelligence and virtue can secure their continued comfort and happiness. Charity bestowed on the needy, who are destitute of these, is too often foolishly wasted, while property bestowed in any way that may promote religion and learning, is a lasting blessing to society.

## BOOK IV.

Note 1. Page 148, line 13.---*Still in the ale-house each Sabbath we stay.*-Notwithstanding what has been said in a preceding note, on the religious observation of the Sabbath in Wales, it is still much profaned in the manner here alluded to. This, indeed, is the natural consequence of the late alarming increase of small public-houses in every part of the country. Nothing can tend more to check the progress of religion, and corrupt the morals of the common people. The late Rev. John Williams, Rector of Begelly, who died in the year 1802, thus addresses his parishioners, in one of his printed sermons: "Wherein does our conduct differ from that of the Negro and Indian; who have never heard of the only true God? They go to their temples, and worship their idols. What dost thou worship, when thou comest into this place, O man? Dost thou worship the only true God, whom thou hearest proclaimed here? And dost thou 'worship him in spirit and in truth?' If so, thy conduct and behaviour will shew it, when thou art out of church. The Pagan, when he has left the temple of his wooden god, runs to a feast, where he revels in rioting and drunkenness, wantonness and uncleanness. And how do most of those who are called Christians, spend their time out of church? Do not many of you run immediately into an ale-house, or to a pastime, if there is any in the neighbourhood, and revel in rioting and drunkenness, in wantonness and uncleanness? And do not most of you spend your Sabbaths in idle and unprofitable conversation about the things of this world, while God and heaven are not in all your

thoughts? Where, then, is the difference between you and the Pagans?"---It is, however, to be observed, that the English parts of Pembrokeshire, in which Mr. Williams laboured, were exceedingly destitute of gospel privileges when he began to preach in earnest, and are still far behind the *Welsh* parts of the country, as to the influence of religion.

Yet after all that can be said in favour of Wales, with respect to the superior manner in which the Lord's Day is now observed, the frequenting of public houses, even on that day, is an evil which still exists, and of which some professors of religion are guilty! As they do not seem to be altogether sensible, how inconsistent such a practice is with religion, the light in which those haunts of wickedness were viewed by the pious inhabitants of a supposed village, is submitted to their consideration: "There hath not been, in the memory of any man living, an ale-house at *Potheina*; but some of us remember a net spread in our sight. Not far from us there was an ale-house set up with the sign of the *Dragon*: The fellow who kept it used all the methods he was master of to ensnare us. He made a supper, and invited our families; but no parent or child, master or servant went. He sent some of his dainties, with his humble service, desiring us to accept of a taste; but we all refused. And one day, complaining to an acquaintance of his, how unkind the inhabitants of *Potheina* were, for never suffering any who belonged to them to enter within his doors, whereby his beer was spoiled, and he half-ruined;—his acquaintance, being waggishly disposed, told him, that he had the *wrong sign*; for the inhabitants of *Potheina* were, to a man, resolved to oppose the *Dragon*, but professed themselves followers of the *Lamb*; and therefore he thought he would do well to change his sign. The fellow accordingly did, and set up the sign of the *Lamb*; and one day, meeting a servant of mine, said to him, 'I am very



sorry I offended the inhabitants of Pothione, by a disagreeable sign over my door; my humble service to them, and let them know, that I have parted with it, and have now the sign of the *Lamb*. Says my servant—' I fancy our people will think, that though it hath put on the appearance of a *Lamb*, it still retains the qualities of a *Dragon*, and will not come near it.' Nor did we;—and after two or three brewings, which his friends from a great distance helped him to drink out, he left the place, and we never had an ale-house near us since"—*Merrick's Social Religion exemplified, Dialogue vii. p. 267. Shrewsbury, 1786.*

Note 2. Page 149, line 9.—*She feels the chastening hand of God.*  
 ---About three years before this, the famous act of Uniformity was passed, by which *two thousand* of the most learned and pious ministers were turned out of the Church of England. This was followed, in the very year before the Plague, with the Conventicle act, which was intended to prevent all preaching, and religious worship, except that of the established church; in consequence of which, while conspicuous persons were oppressed, the common people gave themselves up to drunkenness, profane swearing, gaming, lewdness, and all kinds of debauchery, which brought down the judgments of heaven upon the nation. The first general calamity that befel the kingdom, was a war with the Dutch, which continued about two years and a half, and then ended with no manner of advantage to either nation. Then followed this most dreadful plague that ever happened within the memory of man. It was preceded by an unusual drought; and the meadows were parched and burnt up like the highways, in-somuch that there was no food for the cattle. This occasioned first a murrain among them, and then a general contagion among the human species, which increased in the city and suburbs of London, till eight or ten thousand died in a week. The whole number that perished by this calamity, is stated by Hume to have been near 90,000. From

London the plague spread into the neighbouring towns and villages, and continued near three quarters of a year, till it had swept away almost 100,000 of the inhabitants!

Note 3. Page 149, line 18.---*To fetch their dead each closing day;*  
---Every night the bell-man went his rounds with a cart, crying,  
“*Bring out your dead!*”

Note 4. Page 150, line 6.---*She must not quit the fatal place.*---All communication with the country was entirely cut off, lest the infection should thereby be propagated; and if a Londoner was seen at a distance from the city, the people fled from him as an enemy. They were, indeed, as much afraid of strangers in general; throughout the country, as people are of meeting dogs supposed to be mad; so that even thieves and murderers could hardly meet with a more unwelcome reception!

Note 5. Page 150, line 6.---*Suck their mother's milkless breast.*---We are told, on good authority, that it was usual for people, as they went about their business, to drop down dead in the streets; and if persons died so suddenly, it is no wonder that women should expire while giving suck to their children; nor is it strange, when the miserable victims were so much neglected by those who dwelt in the same house, that the poor babes should remain at the breasts of their departed mothers.

Note 6. Page 151, line 14.---*Sell not enough to give their shop-men bread.*---It is said, that the shops and houses were quite shut up; and many of them marked with a red cross, having this inscription over the door, “*Lord have mercy on us!*”

**Note 7. Page 151, line 23.**—*Her clergymen's excessive grief.*—Some of the established clergy, with a commendable zeal, ventured to continue in their stations, and preach to their parishioners throughout the course of the plague, but most of them fled, and deserted their parishes at a time when they were most wanted. Upon this, some of the ejected ministers ventured to preach in the vacant pulpits, imagining that so extraordinary a case would justify their disregard to the laws. The ministers who embarked in this service, were Mr. Thomas Vincent, Mr. Chester, Mr. Janeway, Messrs. Turner, Grimes, Franklin, and others. The fate of death, and the arrows that flew in darkness and at noon-day, awakened both preachers and hearers: many who were at church one day, were in their graves on the next; the cry of great numbers was, "*What shall we do to be saved?*" A more awful time England had never seen! But it will amaze all posterity, that in a time both of pestilence, and when the non-conformist ministers were hazarding their lives in the service of the souls of the distressed and dying citizens of London, the prime minister, *Clarendon*, and his creatures, instead of mourning for the nation's sins, and meditating a reformation of manners, should pour out all their vengeance upon those worthy men, in order to make their condition more insupportable! The Parliament being then assembled at Oxford, they passed an act to restrain non-conformist ministers from inhabiting corporations, or coming within five miles of any city, or borough that sent members to parliament; or within five miles of any parish, town, or place wherein they had preached. Those ministers, therefore, who had some little estate, or substance of their own, retired to remote and obscure villages, or such little market towns as were not corporations, and more than five miles from the places where they had preached; but in many counties it was difficult to find such places of retirement. Great numbers of them were buried in obscurity, while others, who had neither money nor friends, went on preaching as

they could, till they were sent to prison, thinking it more eligible to perish in a gaol than to starve out of one. Many who lay concealed in distant places from their flocks in the day-time, rode thirty or forty miles to preach to them in the night. These hardships tempted some few to conform, contrary to their former judgments; but the body of dissenters remained stedfast to their principles, and the church gained neither reputation nor numbers. But while so many of the ejected ministers, with their families, were reduced to great distress, few of them were brought to beggary, the providence of God appearing wonderfully for their relief, in their greatest extremities. *Neal's History*, vol. iv. chap. vii. whence the notes on this poem are chiefly taken.

Note 8. Page 158, line 11.---*Erect the Saviour's kingdom everywhere.* ---It was for such good men as the Vicar to pray for the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and this was perhaps all they could do, under their peculiar circumstances, not perceiving what means could be adopted for the spread of the gospel in foreign parts. When this poem was originally written, there was not so much as one Protestant society for missions to the Heathen in Europe. How different the times in which we live! It is ours to see the prayers of our forefathers extensively answered, and to be the honoured instruments of doing what they were not permitted to do. What would have been the feelings of Mr. Prichard, had he lived to witness a late Anniversary of the South Wales Auxiliary Missionary Society, which was held in his own parish of Llandovery! With what joy would he have contemplated the proceedings of the London Missionary Society, whose object is "not to send Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy, or any other form of church order and government (about which there may be differences of opinion among serious persons), but the glorious gospel of the blessed God to the heathen;" while it is left to those whom he may call into the fellowship of his Son, to adopt that

external form of religion, which to them may appear most agreeable to the word of God! With what pleasure would he have seen the members of one of its auxiliaries, in his native country, coming from distant parts with the contributions of their respective churches, and cheerfully pouring them into the funds of the parent society! Would he not have said to the people of Llandovery, "The prayers of your parish minister are answered!—now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!"

Note 9. Page 150, line 24.— *Who still would drink thy faithful servants' blood.*—It was the decided opinion of Bishop Hall, that Protestants can have "no peace with Rome." The liberal sentiments of a few such men as Dr. Geddes, have nothing to do with the character of Popery in general, which is *unalterable*. Geddes was persecuted by his own church, and considered by her leading members as nothing better than a heretic. What evidence is there, that the Church of Rome has renounced a single error, or is less inclined to tyranny and persecution now than formerly? Has not the intriguing order of the Jesuits been revived, and the Inquisition restored to its pristine powers? The Church of Rome allows of no *liberty* in religion: she proscribes every other profession as heresy, declares that no heresy is to be tolerated, and looks to every species of dissent with a determination to destroy it. Who can suppose that, if opportunity permitted, the court of Rome would not at this very moment suppress Protestantism in all its forms? Had they but the smallest chance of effecting this, the dependents of the "Vicar of Christ" would be found ready at their posts, and would instantly prepare to direct the instruments of destruction to their mark. "The right of private judgment," said Lord Colchester, in his Speech of May 24, 1813, on *the Relief Bill*, "which forms the basis of Protestantism, and tends to destroy spiritual tyranny, has always been opposed by Roman

Catholics, on account of the *infallibility* of the Church. Hence it happens, that every man presuming to doubt their system, and to think wholly for himself, will be deemed an obstinate rebel. To persevere in disbelieving, leads necessarily to a state of independence and schism. It next, therefore, becomes requisite for Ecclesiastics to threaten and denounce the offender, who is said to have fallen into a mortal sin, which demands auricular confession and priestly absolution: but if a culprit be not thus restored, nothing remains to be done, except a civil magistrate will execute vengeance on the condemned person, now expelled; who yet is canonically held fast, as a subject deserting from his first Lord, and is deemed by the Church still liable to death. The Church of Rome claims this mental allegiance from every soul of man: her empire, though called spiritual, is secular and universal; nor does she conceive it possible for any human being, under any change of circumstances, to be dissolved from the obligation of obeying her dictates, because they are of divine authority and origin. Such is her reasoning, and these are its *unsocial* consequences. When religion has become so blended with a bloody policy, that no provision is made for dissidents, toleration is impossible, and cruel laws will inevitably follow: a close alliance between worldly and spiritual objects is, therefore, always dangerous; as tending to debase Christianity, and produce hypocrites. But the Church of Rome does not provide for dissenters, cannot allow them to enjoy free worship, cannot admit of any the least rivalry, cannot avoid arbitrary means of upholding itself; and, consequently, never can cease to persecute others *when physical power is acquired.*" See *Eclectic Review* for July 1819, p 46.

Note 10. Page 162, line 22.---*Rejoic'd to plunge a brother in distress.*---This and the preceding poem, seem to have been occasioned by some instance of persecution, which the Vicar had to endure, and

most probably it was that referred to in the preface to this work, respecting his preaching to vast crowds of people out of church. Even the amiable Dr. Doddridge found it impossible to pass through life without persecution :---“ Strange as it may seem,” says his biographer, “ the worst treatment he received, and which continued longest, was from some of his brethren in the ministry ; which I believe arose partly from hence, that he set them a pattern of diligence and activity, which they were not disposed to imitate.” It is no unfounded remark of Dr. Witherspoon, “ that it is somewhat natural for clergymen to be more easily irritable at such of their brethren as rise above them in apparent concern for religion, and zeal for promoting it, than at those who fall below them. The first are a reproach to their own conduct and character ; the others are a foil to it ; so that every one who espouses a bold or vigorous measure, may expect to meet with a sensible coldness, even from such of his brethren as are in the next immediate degree below him.”

Note 11. Page 164, line 5.---*Do thou, O Lord, our faithful pastor bless.*---It is much to be feared, that many members of christian churches, as well as regular hearers of the gospel, greatly neglect to pray for their ministers. As one evil generally leads to another, people of this description soon begin to feel the want of sensible benefit, and the absence of divine blessing ; but instead of looking to the right source of their distress, it is immediately attributed to the preacher, who, as they are tempted to conclude, discovers a deficiency, either of talent, spirituality, or application to study. This is often followed with unkind and mischievous remarks on his sermons,---still without so much as thinking how far they would do better, by earnestly praying to the author of every gift and grace that he may be enabled to preach with more efficacy and success ! Now it has been invariably found, that when such people change their

minister, however great the talents and eloquence that may be employed in their service, they are precisely in the same place, as soon as the charms of novelty have had their day. The fact is, that they attend the ministry of the word as a kind of *entertainment*, without seeking their own spiritual improvement. They are deficient in personal religion; and, go where they will, the word preached will not profit them, not being attended with faith and prayer in those who hear it.

It has often been related, and is therefore well known to the religious public, that a society of these prayerless christians once invited a popular and useful minister, from a neighbouring church, to become their pastor. From motives best known to himself, he accepted their invitation, settled among them, and gave great satisfaction for a while; but he soon found, that his ministry was neither made useful, nor honoured with the same acceptance, as at first. Things, indeed, went so far as nearly to occasion his removal. But he received their complaints in a christian spirit, and conducted himself towards them with great prudence and moderation. He acknowledged, that he was not so comfortable and happy in discharging his ministry as he used to be among the people he had left, and that there was probably too much reason for their dissatisfaction. He told them, however, that the people he had left were a *praying* people, and that the Lord was consequently among them; but that he had reason to fear his present charge were not in any suitable habit of praying, either for him, as their pastor, or for their own benefit under his ministry. Instead, therefore, of acting with precipitation, he recommended them to lay aside their complaints for a while, to institute a meeting for prayer, and seek the blessing of God with due earnestness; and then, if they still had the same reason to complain, he would quietly leave them. They took his advice, and the result was, what all praying people



desire,—their own edification, and the conversion of sinners!—If the *apostles* had reason to say, “Brethren, pray for us,” how much more reason have ordinary ministers, to desire the prayers of their people! and how wisely do those christians act, who endeavour to strengthen and encourage them by every means in their power! This will be found the most effectual way of consulting their own happiness, and serving the cause of religion in the world around them.

Note 12. Page 169, line 2.—*Isaiah with a wooden saw was slain.*—This has been generally admitted, on the testimony of Origen, Tertullian, and Augustine, who, according to Calmet, agree in stating, that the prophet thought it incumbent on him to endeavour to reclaim Manasseh; and that this so exasperated the king, that he caused him to be apprehended, and put to death, by cutting him in two, as above described. It is known, that a tradition to this effect prevailed among the Jews; and it is thought, by Dr. Prideaux, and others, that the apostle alludes to it, when he says of some, in whom the power of faith was exemplified, “they were sawn asunder.”

Note 13. Page 169, line 7.—*Others were broil'd alive.*—Such instances of horrid cruelty, under the sanction of the philosophic emperor, Marcus Aurelius, were witnessed at Vienne and Lyons, during the terrible persecution which raged there, about the year 177. In a letter, preserved by Eusebius, it is said, that the populace becoming clamorous to have the Christians thrown to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, that favourite spectacle was at length provided for them. But previous to the wild beasts being produced, Maturus and Sanctus were put to the torture; and every thing that an enraged multitude called for having been tried upon them, they were at last roasted in an iron chair, till they sent forth the offensive effluvia of burnt flesh! Upon Sanctus the only effect produced, was a declaration of his for-

mer confession, that he was a Christian; and at length death terminated his sufferings. *Jones's History of the Christian Church*, vol. i. chap. ii. p. 166.

Note 14. Page 169, line 9.---*Was not Saint Peter to a cross made fast?*---That this apostle was crucified, is at least probable, from the prembition given him by his divine Master: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee where thou wouldest not. This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God." Calmet says, "the apostles Peter and Paul came to Rome about the year of our Lord 65, where they performed many miracles, and made many converts. St. Ambrose, *Serm.* 68, relates, that the Pagans, being provoked against Peter, because of what had happened to Simon Magus, sought to kill him, and that the believers therefore urged him to quit Rome, that he might avoid their fury. According to him, he had just reached the gates of the city, when he saw Jesus Christ coming in before him. Peter said to him, 'Lord, whither are you going?' to which our Saviour answered, 'I am coming to Rome to be crucified over again.' By these words Peter understood that our Lord would have him stay there, and glorify him by his death; in consequence of which, he returned, and related this to the faithful." But what can savour more of that disposition to serve the catholic church by falsehood and deceit, which obtained in the times of Ambrose, and from which he was not wholly free? It is just what might be expected from an advocate of monkery, an admirer of relics, and other superstitions then prevailing in the church. Eusebius and Chrysostom, however, agree in stating, that Peter was taken prisoner at Rome, suffered a confinement of nine months, and was crucified, June 29, A. D. 66, in the *Via Ostia*, with

his head downwards, as he had desired of the executioner. This, Ambrose says, he did from humility, or lest it should be thought that he affected the glory of Jesus Christ.

Note 15. Page 169, line 10.—*John into a boiling caldron cast.*  
---About the year of our Lord 95, the Emperor Domitian, in the fifteenth year of his reign, commenced a most violent persecution of the Christians, in which the apostle John is universally admitted to have been banished to the isle of Patmos. "Tertullian and other writers," says Mosheim, "inform us, that, before his banishment, he was thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, from which he came forth, not only living, but even unhurt."

THE END.

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